

THREE
ROUSING CHEERS
FOR THE ROLLO BOYS



Corey Ford





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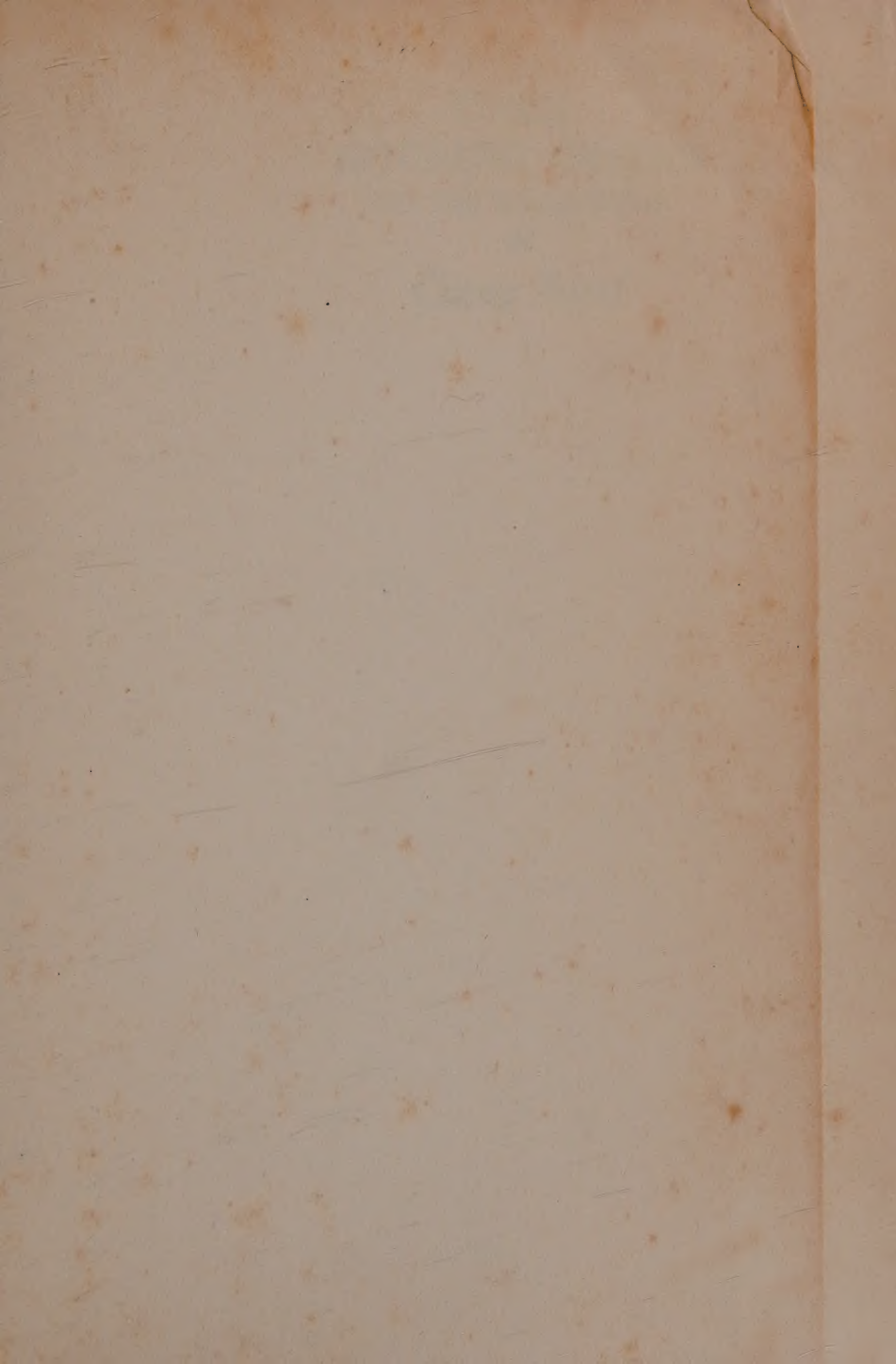
#1098

For J. P. S.

In memory of childhood
days in the arbor by the
old well near the pump-
house under the elm
in front of the garden.

R. H. De V. G.

1935



**THREE
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FOR THE ROLLO BOYS**



Corey Ford

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Corey Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY
GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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THREE ROUSING CHEERS FOR THE ROLLO BOYS

— B —

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

TO
ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

With One Reservation:

MY MORAL PURPOSE IN THIS BOOK I
MUST SOLEMNLY DEDICATE TO THE
MARCHING SPIRIT OF THE RED-BLOODED
100% AMERICAN HE-BOYS OF THIS NATION.

*To All My Young Readers from 16 to 60
(provided there are that many):*

In presenting the Rollo Boys Series for Young Americans, I desire to make grateful acknowledgments to my worthy predecessors in the field of Boys' Fiction, whose thrilling tales of adventure and heroism have been my constant source of inspiration in the compilation of the present volume; and I crave their indulgence if I should seem to show undue irreverence where only the deepest respect is intended.

Indeed I shall feel I have been amply rewarded for my humble efforts if I can but stimulate so much as one other lad to a vision of those lofty and patriotic principles of chivalry, courage and honor which these boyhood heroes taught to me.

Affectionately and sincerely yours,

COREY FORD.

Among My Books.
September, 1925.

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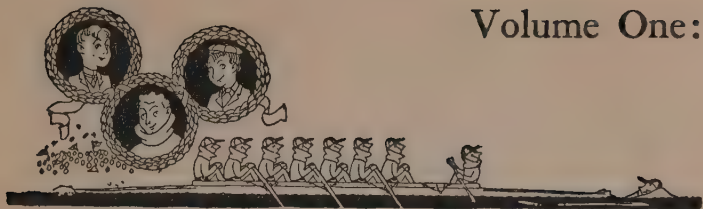
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First Cheer!

"THE ROLLOVER AND OVER BOYS"





A CREW RACE AND WHAT FOLLOWED
(BESIDES THE OTHER CREW)

"Quick, Tom!" cried a brown-eyed, curly-haired youth of nineteen as he grabbed up an oar and started toward the river. "Where is Harry?"

"Here I am," replied a tall, serious youth, seizing another oar and following his brother. "Where is Dick?"

"Here I am," answered a sturdy youth of eighteen summers, selecting a third oar which he had carefully feathered the night before in preparation for the great race today with Rival Academy, "and that was Harry who spoke first."

"No, it wasn't," interrupted the tall, serious youth. "It was Dick. This is Harry speaking now."

"No, this one *here* is Harry," insisted the

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

sturdy youth of eighteen summers. "You are Dick yourself. As a matter of fact, it was Tom who spoke first, because he is the brown-haired, curly-eyed Rollo boy, and full of mischief."

"Then I must be Tom," added the fun-loving Rollo with a sigh of relief. "Well, I sure am glad to get *that* straightened out."

"Is Ben Barsted going to row in the race today?" asked Harry.

"No," replied Dick seriously, "he says that riding backwards makes him sick."

"He has bet all his money on the Rival Academy shell," said Harry, sniffing the air suspiciously. "I think I smell a mouse."

"Cheese it!" retorted Tom like a flash, and the Rollo Boys simply rolled around the floor laughing. Tom was forever making cracks like that, and his pranks alone would fill a book, or often a hospital. As a result of his fun-loving tendencies, Tom was much sought after, sometimes with rifles.

Rapidly they neared the shore, where a hundred voices were shouting eagerly:

A Crew Race and What Followed

"Football, baseball, basketball, crew, track athletics, soccer, checker-playing, tennis, golf, fishing, and various other forms of sport—HOO-RAY!

Who are we? Who are we? Who are we?
GUESS!

Yale? No; guess again. Harvard? No;
guess again. Merriwell? YES!

Rollos! Rollos! Rollos!"

As the famous cheer of Merriwell Hall rang out, a hundred eager throats tossed their cadet caps into the air and shouted lustily.

"Hooray for the Rollo Boys!" cheered the cadets in perfect unison. "Suffice it to say for the benefit of those of us who have not read the 397 previous volumes of the Rollo Boys Series for Young Americans—" and here the students glared suspiciously at one another a moment—"suffice it to say that they are red-blooded 100 per cent. American He-Boys, and since they have come to Merriwell Hall they have had many numerous adventures, so many in fact that they can scarcely be hinted at here,

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

as related in full in the list on the back cover, on sale wherever books are sold provided they are bought. Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!"



"READY? SET?" INQUIRED DOCTOR MERRIWELL POLITELY, AND FIRED.

"Ready? Set?" inquired Dr. Merriwell politely; and when the Rollo Boys had nodded "yes" he raised his starting gun and fired it at a mathematics professor, who dropped off the end of the dock with an awkward splash. "Go!" he cried, and the race was on.

"By the way, I see Ben Barsted has chopped

A Crew Race and What Followed

a hole in the stern of this boat," remarked Dick presently.

"Never mind," replied Tom. "If we row fast enough the water won't have time to flow in."

"Suppose dot shell vos snap in two alretty yet!" gasped a round-faced German youth, who spoke with a slight accent, named Hans Brinker.

"Then we'll win on the half-shell!" retorted Tom merrily; and his witty come-back set the rest to laughing so hard they couldn't row for two or three minutes, and so more precious inches were lost.

"The Rival Academy shell has tied a tow-rope to the Judge's launch," observed Harry. "They are gaining rapidly."

"Tit for tat," said Tom merrily, handing the coxswain an extra paddle, and winking in a fashion that set Harry to roaring.

Then while whistles tooted frantically and sirens shrieked madly on tug-boats and battle-ships in the river, the two shells sped down a lane of waving color and cheering spectators

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

toward the finish line, when "Snap!" went Dick's oar, just as the sentence came to an end.



TURNING IN MID-AIR TO EXHORT HIS MEN ONCE
MORE.

Without a moment's hesitation Dick rose, buckled a life-preserver around his waist, shook hands solemnly with each of the men in

A Crew Race and What Followed

the boat, and pausing only to select a few pimento sandwiches from the wicker hamper in the hold, and to stow them in the rear pocket of his rowing-trunks, he poised and dove gracefully over the side, turning in mid-air to exhort his men once more.

"Gulp!" he said earnestly; and as he disappeared into the water he grabbed two or three Rival Academy oars with his left hand, and with his right hand he gave the Merriwell shell just the extra shove that was needed to send it across the finish-line—the winner!

"Hooray for the Rollo Boys!" shouted the grateful crew.

At that moment to Tom's horror a slim black form was seen to glide swiftly through the water. "Dick!" he screamed. "A shark! A shark!"

"A shark?" asked Dick.

"A shark!" repeated Tom. "A *carcharodon carcharias*, sometimes 40 feet long. Hurry up, he is swallowing you!"

"Did you say 'shark' or 'sharp'?" asked

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

Dick; and then there was a splash and a swirl and poor Dick disappeared from view.

"Well, I guess that will just about be pretty near the end of *him!*" sneered Ben Barsted from the shore.

"In the pig's hip-pocket it will," retorted Tom easily; but his confidence in the author was a little shaken nevertheless.

"Help! Help!" shrieked Elsie Dinsmore suddenly, leaning over the railing of the Judge's launch, which by this time was steaming at full speed down the bay, with Prof. Persimmons at the wheel. "Save me!" she called and fainted.

"Kidnapped again," muttered Harry, "or I'll be bound. Half-leather," he put in as an afterthought.

"Let us to the rescue," cried Tom, running up a small American flag.

"Hooray!" agreed the crew lustily.

"Shake out the mainsail," he ordered, putting on a hat marked "Captain", "hoist the jib, mates, and set the top-sail."



"WELL, I GUESS THAT'LL BE THE END OF HIM,"
SNEERED BEN BARSTED.

A Crew Race and What Followed

"Luff up a bit," said Harry, as the shell sped over the waves in hot pursuit.

"Business before pleasure," retorted Tom. "We'll have no luffing up on this boat until we have rescued Elsie!"

On through the night the two boats sped, while the throbbing engines of the slim greyhound pushed forward over the deep after her prey, and all was still except for the meditative swish of sperm-whales and the distant barking of dog-fish at their eternal game of fetch-and-carry.

"Stop!" yelled Tom. "Danger ahead!" Immediately there was a frightful shock, and the boat not only stopped, but backed up on end in the water, and was photographed beside the Woolworth Tower.

"We have struck something!" cried Tom, rushing on deck.

"No wonder we stopped," cried Harry, peering ahead through the darkness. "The back cover is dead ahead!"

Slowly the boat rolled over on her side and closed her eyes, uttering a low, feeble moaning

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

and occasionally murmuring "My son! My son!" and calling for somebody named "Johnson" or "Johnston."

"She is sinking rapidly," said Tom solemnly. "This is the end!" And as he spoke the boat sighed and went down for the third time.

"Three rousing cheers for the Rollo Boys!"

At this fateful moment what should come steaming down the last paragraph but the faithful battleship *Oregon*, with all the sailors waving their white hats in the air and cheering lustily. And astraddle the prow who should sit but Elsie Dinsmore and Dick Rollo!

"It wasn't a shark that swallowed me at all," said Dick proudly. "It was a United States submarine." And then while a ship's band struck up the strains of the "Stars and Stripes March," a large photograph of President Coolidge was lowered impressively and three guns spoke in silent salute.

"What did we hit?" asked Harry.

"We struck a floating bottle," replied Tom, holding the object up to view, "containing

A Crew Race and What Followed

the next volume of the Rollo Boys Series for Young Americans. In that volume," he continued, "we shall meet all our old friends again, and in addition we shall learn how Elsie Dinsmore fell into the hands of cannibals, and what befell our young adventurers in the 'Wonder City of Diamonds,' to be entitled: 'The Rollo Boys in a Telephone Booth; or, How Tom Grew a Long, White Beard.'"

And here let us say Good-by.

Good-by.



CASTAWAYS ON A DESERT ISLAND

"Quick, Harry!"

"Are you ready, Tom?"

"No, I'm Reddy's brother!" replied the fun-loving Rollo merrily.

"Hold tight, everybody," cried Captain Blossom, as the lifeboat dashed through the breakers and beached safely on the shore.

"Saved!" cried Elsie Dinsmore and Nettie and Dotty Dimple, as they leapt out on the white sand and commenced to gather the pretty sea-shells.

"We are on a deserted island!" exclaimed Dick.

"Then it isn't deserted," came back Tom like a hawk.

"Here we were sailing along the ocean in a dense fog," sighed Captain Blossom reminiscently, "when what should come but a sudden

Castaways on a Desert Island

shock, and the *Dashaway* was wrecked, because that was the boat we were sailing on. Fortunately we found a lifeboat under us, and rowed rapidly across the aforesaid ocean until we reached the present island, where it was but the work of a chapter to beach the said lifeboat and sink exhausted on the aforementioned white sand. 'Saved!' cried Elsie Dinsmore."

"And then what happened?" inquired Nettie breathlessly.

"That's as far as we've gotten," replied the Captain.

"Well, this is prime, I must confess," complained Harry. "I guess our cake is dough."

"Don't cry over spilt milk," said Dick seriously. "We ought to be glad we were not drowned, as would have been related in 'The Rollo Boys Under Water'."

CHAPTER ELEVEN:

Upon investigation it was found that the castaways had thoughtfully brought along

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

from the *Dashaway* some three electric light bulbs, a vacuum cleaner, several victrola records, and the telephone directory, which they had stowed in the bottom of the lifeboat.



"LOOK!" EJACULATED TOM.

"I also brought along some odds and ends," added Elsie. "We can use the ends to put on the front and back of the middle of something. The odds will come in handy later."

"What are the odds?" asked Dick.

"Two to one," replied Elsie; and Dick covered them at once to prevent their spoiling.

Castaways on a Desert Island

"Let us have supper," said Captain Blossom, sitting down and tucking a napkin under his chin.

"But we have nothing to cook," said Nettie.

"Look!" ejaculated Tom; and as he spoke a heavy wave washed up a box packed full of good things to eat, and then receded silently, leaving the articles spread on the sandy beach.

"What luck!" cried Dick. "They must have come from the wreck."

"What shall we eat from, though?" complained Dolly. She had no sooner spoken than a second wave carried up a table and a full set of dishes, and rapidly spread places for seven, handing each of the castaways a French menu as it departed down the beach.

"Dat old devil sea," muttered Captain Blossom, as a third wave rolled apologetically up the beach with some butter, which the second wave had apparently forgotten. "She's up to her old devil tricks." And he continued to shake his head and mutter as more waves drifted in after supper and washed the dishes.

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

When the meal was concluded, the boys hastily constructed a house on the beach out of some bedrooms and staircases and things that had been washed up from the wreck, and soon they had a handsome little bungalow, with attractive ocean frontage and only a ten-minute walk from the station.

"All we need now is the furniture," hinted Dick, as a rapid succession of five small waves advanced up the beach. The first four deposited respectively a piano, a garage, a furnace, and an enamel bathtub, then each tipped its hat, stuck a cigar behind its ear, and disappeared again down the beach.

"Dat old devil sea!" muttered Captain Blossom darkly. "I don't trust it, I don't."

The fifth wave approached up the sand reluctantly, and when it receded it left only a small bottle containing a sheet of white paper. Dick seized the note and scanned it rapidly. " 'To the Rollo Boys,' " he read, " 'from Sears Roebuck and Company: For items as received, including one enamel bathtub, one furnace—' "

Castaways on a Desert Island

"A bill," ejaculated Harry, "or I'll be bound. Alabama bound," he added.

"Dat old devil sea," shouted Captain Blossom, "she gets you in the end, she do!"

CHAPTER EIGHTY-SIX:

When darkness fell the castaways lay before the fire toasting marshmallows and swapping old Rollo Boy Books before the crackling blaze. "This reminds me of the time we were in Washington," smiled Dick, "as related in 'The Rollo Boys Among the Electric Horses.'"

"Do you remember our adventures among the Ottomans," laughed Harry, "or: 'How the Rollo Boys Introduced Turkish Baths into Turkey'?"

"My, you boys must have traveled quite a whole lot," marveled Captain Blossom.

"Nebraska, Canada, California and England all in the same evening," boasted Tom, "as related in 'The Rollo Boys on the Radio.'"

In the meantime the three girls had been

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

whispering together in a corner, and now they approached the three boys uneasily.

"We might as well be frank," said Elsie frankly. "We girls have decided to speak to you boys frankly about a little matter."

"What is it, Elsie?" asked Dick with a blush.

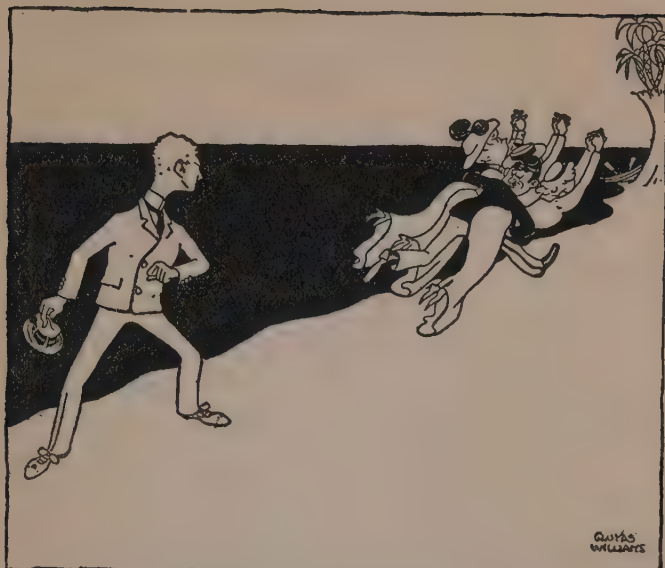
"Of course we have never mentioned these matters before in the Rollo Boys Series," continued Elsie, "but if we are going to be thrown together so intimately from now on—"

"Go on, Elsie," said Dick, hanging his head.

"Well, then, we've got to ask you boys to stay inside and shut your eyes," blurted Elsie, "while we girls go down to the ocean to brush our teeth."

"We promise," said Dick; and he and his brother blindfolded each other and turned their backs, blushing. A moment later there was a sharp scuffle and the sound of struggling.

"Hark!" cried Dick, and the Rollo Boys all cocked their ears except Harry, who never could cock his ears after he had gotten them



"BEN BARSTED," CRIED DICK, "SO IT IS YOU!"

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Castaways on a Desert Island

frozen that winter in Alaska.

"Do you suppose there is anything the matter?" queried Tom slowly, noting that the word: "Help!" was repeated twice.

"I hardly know what to suppose," pondered Dick, as a revolver exploded, followed by a ripple of polite conversation.

There was an awkward pause.

"Shall we take off our blindfolds and look?" asked Harry eagerly.

"No, we must keep our word," reminded Dick seriously.

"Let me look," offered Captain Blossom. "I'm a married man."

A moment later the Captain reappeared, greatly agitated. "Come quick!" he shouted. "The girls have disappeared."

"Ben Barsted!" cried Dick, as he spied the bully speeding down the beach with the three girls under his arm. "So it is you!"

"I'll tell the cock-eyed world it is," sneered Ben Barsted, disappearing in a cloud of dust and leaving the Rollo Boys in the lurch.

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

CHAPTER SEVENTY-NINE:

"Where are we?" cried Dick.

"In the lurch!" replied Tom, striking a match.

"Ben Barsted left us here at the conclusion of the previous chapter," explained Harry, as they surveyed the walls of the lurch, which were as slippery as glass.

"How are we going to get out?" queried Tom presently.

"That will all be related in the next volume of the Rollo Boys Series," reassured Dick seriously. "In that volume we shall learn how Ben Barsted carried out his foul plot, and what befell our young heroes in the Hidden Temple of Rubies, to be entitled: 'The Rollo Boys Among the Jay-Walkers; or, How Tom Won the Broad-Jump.'"

And here let us say Good-by.

Good-by.



Volume Three:

HOW TOM PRANKED A LOT OF CANNIBALS

"Hark!" said Tom. "Do you hear anything?"

"No," said Harry. "Do you?"

"No," said Tom. "Do you, Dick?"

"No," replied Dick seriously.

"Then there isn't anything," said Tom with a sigh of relief, "and here we are starting another Rollo Boys Book in the accustomed manner. As our readers well know, Ben Barsted had left the Rollo Boys in the lurch just at the conclusion of the previous volume. It was while exploring this lurch to find some way to continue the series that Tom cried, 'Do you hear anything?' and both Dick and Harry replied 'No,' as related in the present volume of this series, entitled 'The Rollo Boys Series.' In this volume," he concluded, "we shall learn how the Rollo Boys found

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

the strange secret of the Hidden Treasure."

"Where are we going to find the secret?" mused Harry.

"In the last chapter," replied Dick seriously.

"What chapter is it now?" asked Harry; and Dick struck a match.

CHAPTER TWO:

"Cripes, is that all?" exclaimed Harry in disgust. "Well, let's go hunting, and kill some time." And so saying, he aimed his gun at a high branch and knocked off a couple of hours.

"There seems to be plenty of game here," said Dick, as he noted several kangaroos who were shadow-boxing in a near-by thicket. "What shall we shoot?"

"Let's shoot some dice," suggested Tom, pointing to a male and female douce which were rolling together in the sand; and his brothers seized their guns and followed the game with interest.

How Tom Pranked a Lot of Cannibals

"Tom! Tom!"

"Hark!" cried Tom Rollo, halting as Dick and Harry went on ahead. "Someone is calling me."

"Tom! Tom!" came again from across the island; and without further ado the fun-loving Rollo left his brothers and plunged into the bushes, running rapidly in the direction of the sound. What was his surprise to stumble abruptly into a group of naked cannibals seated about a fire.

"Tom! Tom!" went the native drum; and then too late poor Tom saw his natural mistake, as the savages surrounded him and executed a Zulu war-dance.

"Hurrah for Tom Rollo!" shouted the hungry cannibals, flourishing their tomahawks in the air and cheering lustily; and when they had executed their war-dance they fell upon it and devoured it ravenously.

Amid much laughter and applause the negroes slowly formed a huge semi-circle about Tom, who was seated in the center beside the Zulu king, Zuloaga. Then a negro at one end

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

of the circle laid down his tambourine, stepped forward and bowed. "Rastus," he said, "who was dat lady I seen you wid las' night?"

"Dat was no ladle, Sambo," replied the man at the other end of the circle, "dat was mah knife." And then a loud laugh went up, while Tom and the negroes applauded violently, and the two end-men did a soft-shoe dance, and responded with a rousing "Mammy" song for an encore.

"Well, Mistah Interlockutah," said the Cannibal King to Tom, "dis am a great day fo' de race, sho' nuff!"

"So this is a great day for the race, eh?" repeated Tom with a smile. "Well, Mr. Johnson, maybe you'll tell us now what race is this a great day for?"

"Fo' de No'dic race!" replied Mr. Johnson, baring his white teeth in a grin and bowing to several friends in the audience, while the house rocked with applause and a double quartette rendered "Old Black Joe" with much feeling, and they were forced to



THE TWO END-MEN RESPONDED WITH A ROUSING "MAMMY"
SONG FOR AN ENCORE.

How Tom Pranked a Lot of Cannibals

raise and lower the curtain again and again for seven or eight encores.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE:

When the ceremony was over, the cannibal chief tied Tom to a stake and commenced stirring a large cauldron which was bubbling merrily over the fire.

"Him plenty good to eat!" grunted the chef as he prodded Tom gently.

"You said a mouthful, cook," replied the fun-loving Rollo merrily.

After all was in readiness, the cannibal chef advanced and handed the King a large menu. "Would your Majesty care for some roasted Tom Rollo with French fried potatoes?" he suggested. "Very good, today."

"No," said the King, laying down the menu. "I guess I'll just have some Tom a la minute."

"Sorry," replied the chef, "but we're all out of that."

"Well," said the King pettishly, glancing

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

over the menu again, "bring me some fricasseed Tom, and *no* spinach."

"Sorry, sir," said the chef, "but that's off, too."

"Oh, hang," fumed the King, "have him fried, then."

Just then Tom Rollo's face broke out in a smile, for he felt a prank coming on. As the chef advanced toward him, he blinked stupidly. "Yowee," he said thickly. "Whash time ish it?"

The cannibal stopped short and stared in astonishment.

"Wheel!" yelled Tom loudly, "I'm intockshicated!"

"He's boiled!" gasped the chef.

"And I can't eat boiled food either," moaned the King. "Take him away. I'll eat the stake."

"Bow wow!" The sharp bark of Dick's pistol rang out suddenly, and the Cannibal King bit the dust and chewed it reflectively. Then Harry's pistol spoke, and then Dick's, and as the firearms engaged the natives in

How Tom Pranked a Lot of Cannibals

rapid conversation Tom stepped menacingly toward the King.

"Don't hit me," cowered the King, pointing to his war-paint. "I can't get off my coat."



AS THE NATIVES DIPPED THEIR PADDLES INTO THE WATER, THE
ISLAND STARTED IN HOT PURSUIT.

"Look! Ben Barsted has kidnapped the three girls," interrupted Dick, pointing to the bully who was rowing a small boat rapidly across the ocean. "He is going out to sea."

"Is the mainland in that direction?" gasped Harry.

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

"That's what he's going out to see," replied Tom like a flash; and even the cannibals had to laugh at his witty "come-back."

"Let me up and I help you catch him," offered the King.

"Have you got a boat?" asked Dick.

"Me no need boat," replied the King. "This is a floating island." And while the Rollo Boys stared in astonishment, the natives each seized a paddle and rushed to several convenient promontories along the shore.

"Oomp," commanded Zuloaga, as the natives dipped their paddles into the water and the island started in hot pursuit.

"If we can only reach him before the last chapter," moaned Dick.

"What is that ahead?" cried Harry, pointing to the next page.

CHAPTER NINETY-TWO:

"The last chapter!" groaned Tom, as the bully sped past the title one paragraph ahead of them.

How Tom Pranked a Lot of Cannibals

"Too late!" sneered Ben Barsted, holding up a small iron box. "I've found the treasure!"

"Wait!" cried Dick Rollo, as they drew alongside the escaping bully. "If this is the last chapter you have got to reform."

"Foiled," fumed Ben Barsted. "What a lousy break," he added to himself, as he handed the Rollo Boys the treasure and turned over a new leaf.

Dick fitted the rusty key in the lock and raised the cover. "What is in the box?" burst out Tom eagerly.

"It contains the next volume of the Rollo Boys Series," replied Dick seriously. "In this volume we shall join with our old friends again in pranks and frolics at beloved Merriwell Hall, and in addition we shall learn of Ben Barsted's foul plot, to be entitled: 'The Rollo Boys Under Six Feet of Earth; or, How Tom Raced a Grade-Crossing.'"

And here let us say Good-by.

Good-by.



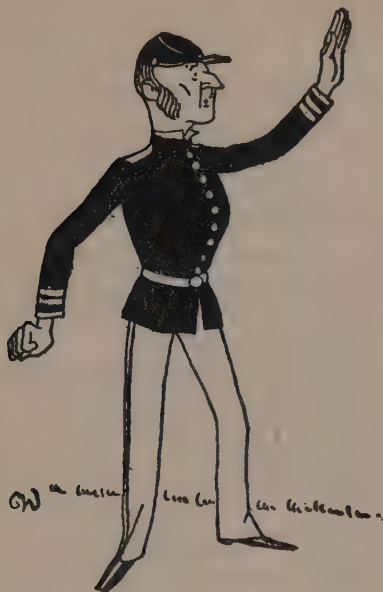
HOW MERRIWELL HALL WON THE
COMMENCEMENT

“There are schools that have fine teachers,
There are schools both bad and good;
There are schools with good baseball fields
and bleachers,
And there are others not so good.
There are schools that have a lot of style,
There are big ones and ones small;
But of all the schools in these U. S. A.,
We love dear old M-A-A-A—RI-
WELL HALL!”

“Students of Merriwell Hall,” began Dr. Merriwell solemnly, as the last strains of the “Merriwell Hall Marching, Canoeing and Surf-Bathing Song” filtered across the baseball diamond in the twilight, “this is the oc-

How Merriwell Won Commencement

casion of the annual Graduating Exercises between Merriwell Hall and Rival Academy,



"THE SCORE STANDS 162-3 IN FAVOR
OF OUR ANCIENT OPPONENTS!"

and as usual the score stands 162-3 in favor of our ancient opponents. Only the Rollo Boys can save us."

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

"Hurray for the Rollo Boys!" shouted the students, waving their mortar-boards in the air and cheering lustily. "As our old readers well know, they will graduate over Rival Academy beyond the peradventure of a doubt, and probably win the series!"

"What series?" piped up Harry.

"The Rollo Boys Series!" Tom came back like a bad check, and you should have heard the laugh that went up. Tom was as merry a lad as one could shake a stick at, and often did.

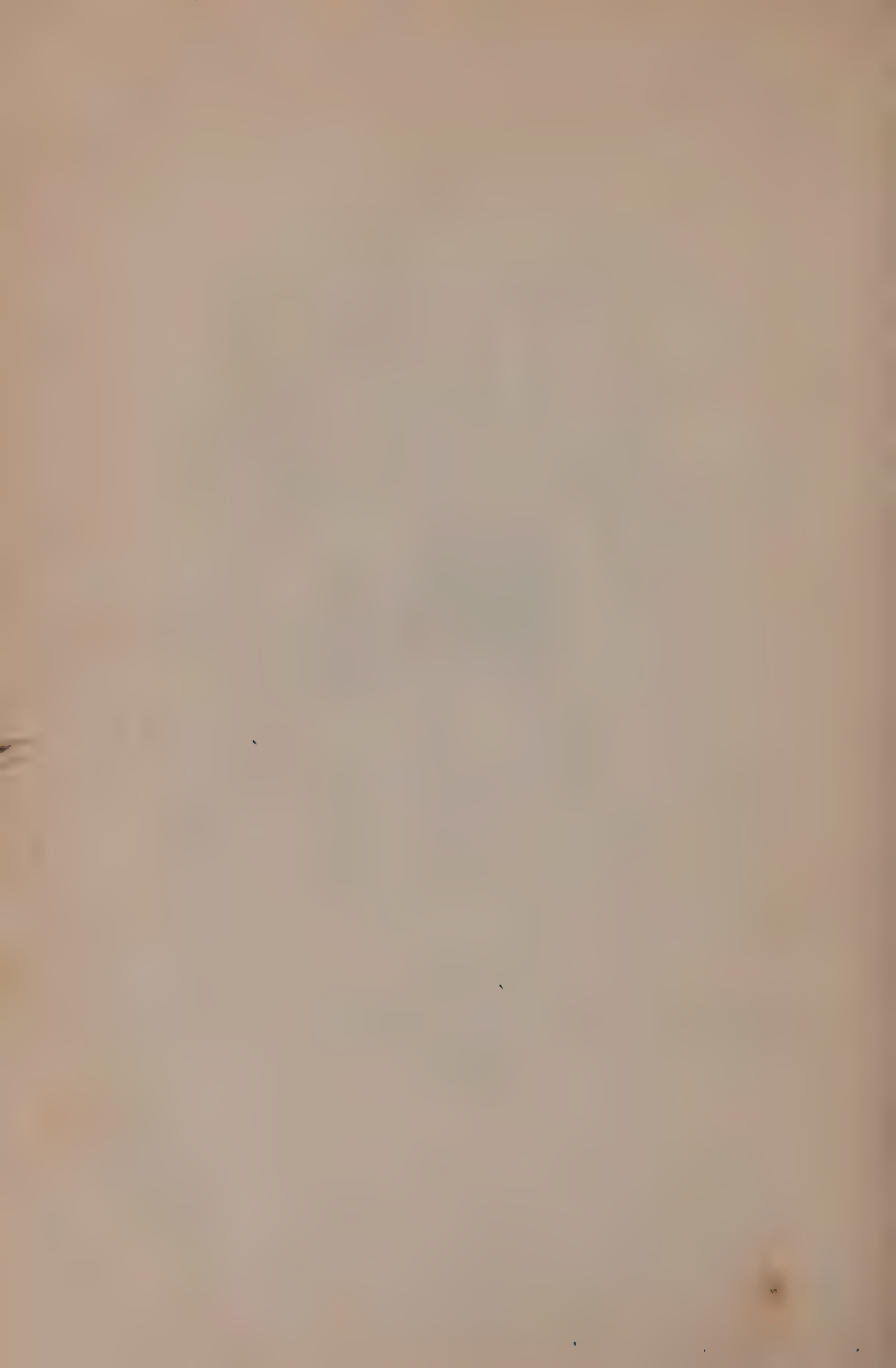
"Paste that horse-hide!" cried the stands. "Soak the pill in the river!" "Dissolve it!" "Hurray for the Rollo Boys!" "So's your old man!"

As these and other deafening cries rent the air, Ben Barsted turned to Measles, the toady, with a leer. "These Rollo Boys think they're the whole show," he snarled, "but I'll fix them yet. I've bet all my money on the opposing team again," he added significantly.

"Mum's the word," promised Measles. "I cotton to you, Ben."



"DON'T LEAK ABOUT IT," WARNED THE BULLY, "OR IT'S THE JUG."



How Merriwell Won Commencement

"Don't leak about it," warned the bully,
"or it's the jug!"

CHAPTER FOURTEEN:

"Here comes a regular corkscrew curl and no mistake," warned the Rival Academy twirler, a little pitcher with big ears; and so warning he sent the fun-loving Rollo a low, swift ball. Tom made a swing, when to his surprise the sphere was seen to halt not an inch from his bat, then turn abruptly and bound back toward the pitcher again.

"Strike one!" called the umpire.

"Stop!" cried Dick Rollo, whose eyes had been peeled as related in "The Rollo Boys with Sunburn"; and striding across the field, he seized the baseball and detached a long piece of rubber elastic. "Ben Barsted!" Dick muttered in a voice boding ill for the bully.

"Here comes a double-ender!" shouted the Rival Academy pitcher.

"That pitcher has been framed," whispered Harry suspiciously.

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

Again the ball bounded across the field, and again Tom raised the ashen stick, when Harry grabbed his arm in the nick of time. "I" went the baseball, as Tom's bat failed to connect with it, and the disconnected sphere sailed on toward Merriwell Hall.

"Strike tw—" began the umpire; but at that moment the erring ball brought up against Merriwell Hall with a terrific explosion, and pieces of the erstwhile Academy flew in all directions.

"Ben Barsted filled the ball with dynamite!" gasped Harry.

"Foiled!" laughed Tom merrily. "He's used that gag before!" *

"Come on, quit horsing around now, Ben," warned Dick in a voice that boded ill.

Whack! went Tom's bat against the third ball; and as the horse-hide sailed high over the right-fielder's head, the stands rose to their feet as one, and waved his hat in the air.

"Slide, Tom, slide!" cried Harry; and Tom

* For Ben Barsted's previous efforts with Dynamite, see, "The Rollo Boys in the Air," Chapter XI, page 127.

How Merriwell Won Commencement

slid in a cloud of dust toward third base. Instantly the base started moving away from him across the field.

"Stop!" ejaculated Dick seriously; and quick as a flash he overturned third base, disclosing a small Ford tractor which Ben Barsted had cleverly concealed beneath the plate. "Some day that bully will go too far," he boded.

"Come on home, Tom!" yelled the stands; and the fun-loving Rollo arrived home in the nick of time.

CHAPTER SIXTY-THREE:

"Well, if it isn't Tom Rollo!" cried Aunt Emma and Uncle Ralph, as they embraced the lad and set before him a steaming hot dinner. "Welcome back to Willow Brook Farm!"

"Here's to the old folks at home," said Tom, raising a brimming glass of cider. "God bless them and keep them. At home," he added merrily.

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

"Well, it sure was nice seeing you again," called Aunt Emma and Uncle Ralph as they waved him good-by. "Remember us to Dick and Harry."

Now Tom Rollo came tearing back down the field, with Merriwell Hall still 76 runs or so behind. Without a moment's hesitation he snatched a false moustache, attached it to his upper lip, and thus completely disguised he dashed around the field for another home-run. As he reached home plate he seized a razor, shaved off the false moustache, and thus disguised once more, he circled the field for a third home-run, meantime frantically signaling his brothers to join him as he ran. "The baseball won't be down for an hour or so," he explained. "I tied it to a parachute!"

"Foiled," fumed Ben Barsted. "The jig is up."

Then with a shout that rent the air the entire student body of Merriwell Hall joined behind the fun-loving Rollo. Again and again they rounded the field, and as lap was

How Merriwell Won Commencement

added to lap, the home-runs piled into the hundreds and the hysterical cries of spectators mingled with calliopes and wind instruments. "Hurrray for the Rollo Boys!" they shouted. "We have won the Graduation!"

CHAPTER TWO:

While the shouting and cheering students of Merriwell Hall lifted the Rollo Boys on their shoulders and tossed them enthusiastically over the goal-posts, Dr. Merriwell brought out an armful of A.B. degrees, for Baseball Athletics, and distributed them among the eager students.

"Hurrray!" shouted Tom Rollo, unfolding his degree. "I'm signed with the Giants! There's always such a lot of kidding goes on around their club-house!" and the fun-loving Rollo's eyes shone with anticipation.

"Is it a contract?" asked Harry.

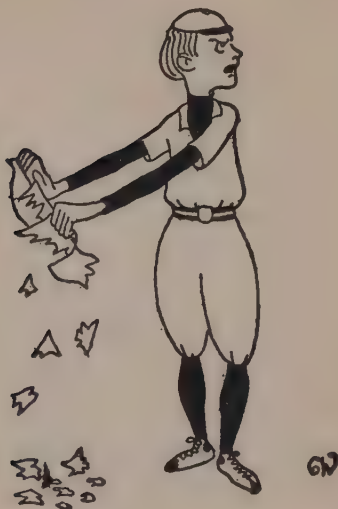
"I don't remember," replied Tom merrily.

"Whoops!" shouted Harry, examining his own sheepskin. "Mine's for the Phils!"

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

"Say it ain't true, Harry," urged his brother.

"Stop!" cried Dick Rollo, mounting the



"FOR DEAR OLD MERRIWELL HALL,"
HE QUOTH, AND RIPPED HIS CONTRACT
INTO SMALL PIECES.

platform seriously. "If we graduate into the big leagues, what will become of the football team? For dear old Merriwell Hall, fellows!" he quoth; and so quothing he

How Merriwell Won Commencement

ripped his contract into small pieces. At once the entire student body followed his example, while Dr. Merriwell led the grateful faculty in a long cheer with the three Rollo Boys on the end.

"As a fitting conclusion to this Commencement," announced Dr. Merriwell, "we shall hear from the Class Prophet."

"Dr. Merriwell, Fellow-Students, and All My Young Readers," began Dick Rollo, and hesitated.

"The Class Prophet is at a loss," put in Tom merrily, just as the shot was fired.

"I have a little volume here," continued Dick, "that contains the future of the class of 1925. In that volume we shall meet all our old friends again, and in addition we shall learn what befell our young heroes on the Western Plains, to be entitled: 'The Rollo Boys in Vermont with Coolidge; or, How Tom Helped the President Make Apple-Sauce.'"

And here let us say Good-by.

Good-by.

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THE SEARCH FOR DIAMOND GULCH MINE

A wasteland of sand and alkali.

Slowly the weary horses picked their way up the steep slope of the Rocky Mountains to the topmost peak. There the three Rollo Boys halted their steeds and gazed back dizzily down the interminable way they had climbed. Behind them stretched only the present introductory paragraph, extending backwards for miles to a wasteland of sand and alkali at the beginning of the chapter. In front of them was a similar prospect, stretching for miles in the opposite direction:

.alkali and sand of wasteland A

"We are lost," sobbed Harry, who was the youngest Rollo Boy and sometimes lacked control of himself.

"Nonsense," cheered Tom merrily. "We

The Search for Diamond Gulch Mine

can't possibly be lost, because there isn't any place we could have gotten lost from."

"That's true," brightened Harry. "We didn't know where we were when we started."

Meanwhile Dick had been consulting his map closely. "The Diamond Gulch Mine is located next to a large volcano," he said. "That ought to be easy to find."

At this moment there came a dull, rumbling sound, and then the entire mountain trembled under their very feet and exploded with a mighty roar. "Hurray, we have found the volcano!" screamed Tom above the confusion. "Shake!"

"Look out for the lava—" began Dick breathlessly.

"For the lava what?" interrupted Harry.

"For the lava Petel!" returned Tom like a steel trap; and then while the Rollo Boys were convulsed with laughter, the erupting volcano carried them rapidly away, in several directions.

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO:

"Tom! Harry! Where am I?"

Slowly poor Dick opened his eyes and gazed about him. Beneath him was a giant gorge, the bottom of which was filled with old razor blades, last year's calendars, and used-up Cross Word Puzzle books. "The Grand Canyon!" gasped Dick, who followed the comic magazines closely. "I must get across."

Without a moment's hesitation Dick walked his horse back from the edge for a running start, then spurred it forward and sprang off the bank into space. Immediately he felt himself sinking.

"Help!" cried poor Dick, "or I shall be dashed in half, as will be related in 'The Rollo Boys in Two Parts.'"

"Hold it, pard," cried a voice from the bank behind him; and the next moment a stranger had spurred his horse forward into space, grabbed Dick's bridle, and led the eldest Rollo back to the edge of the Canyon in

The Search for Diamond Gulch Mine

the very nick of time, just as Dick might have fallen on the rocks below and perhaps have been hurt.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE:

"Harry! Dick! Where am I?"

Slowly poor Tom opened his eyes and gazed about him. On all sides stretched a wasteland of sand and alkali. "Oh, shoot!" yawned Tom in disgust, and closed his eyes again.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR:

"Dick! Tom! Where am I either, for that matter?" moaned poor Harry as he opened his eyes.

"You are my prisoner," sneered a voice.

"Ben Barsted!" gasped Harry, "or I'll be bound. In fact, I *am* bound!" he added, as he struggled to free himself. "Why have you made me a prisoner?"

"Frankly, I'm not quite sure," confessed the bully. "But it really seemed the thing to do."

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

"Perhaps you want the secret of Diamond Gulch Mine?" suggested Harry.

"Where is the secret?" roared the bully.

"In the pig's eye!" retorted Harry coolly, throwing Ben Barsted into a quandary.

"I'll get even with you!" spluttered the bully, as his helpers lifted him dripping out of the old, abandoned quandary where Harry had thrown him, and dried him off as best they could. Then the party set off in search of the mine.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE:

"May I inquire to whom I am indebted for my life?" asked Dick Rollo politely, as he turned to his rescuer.

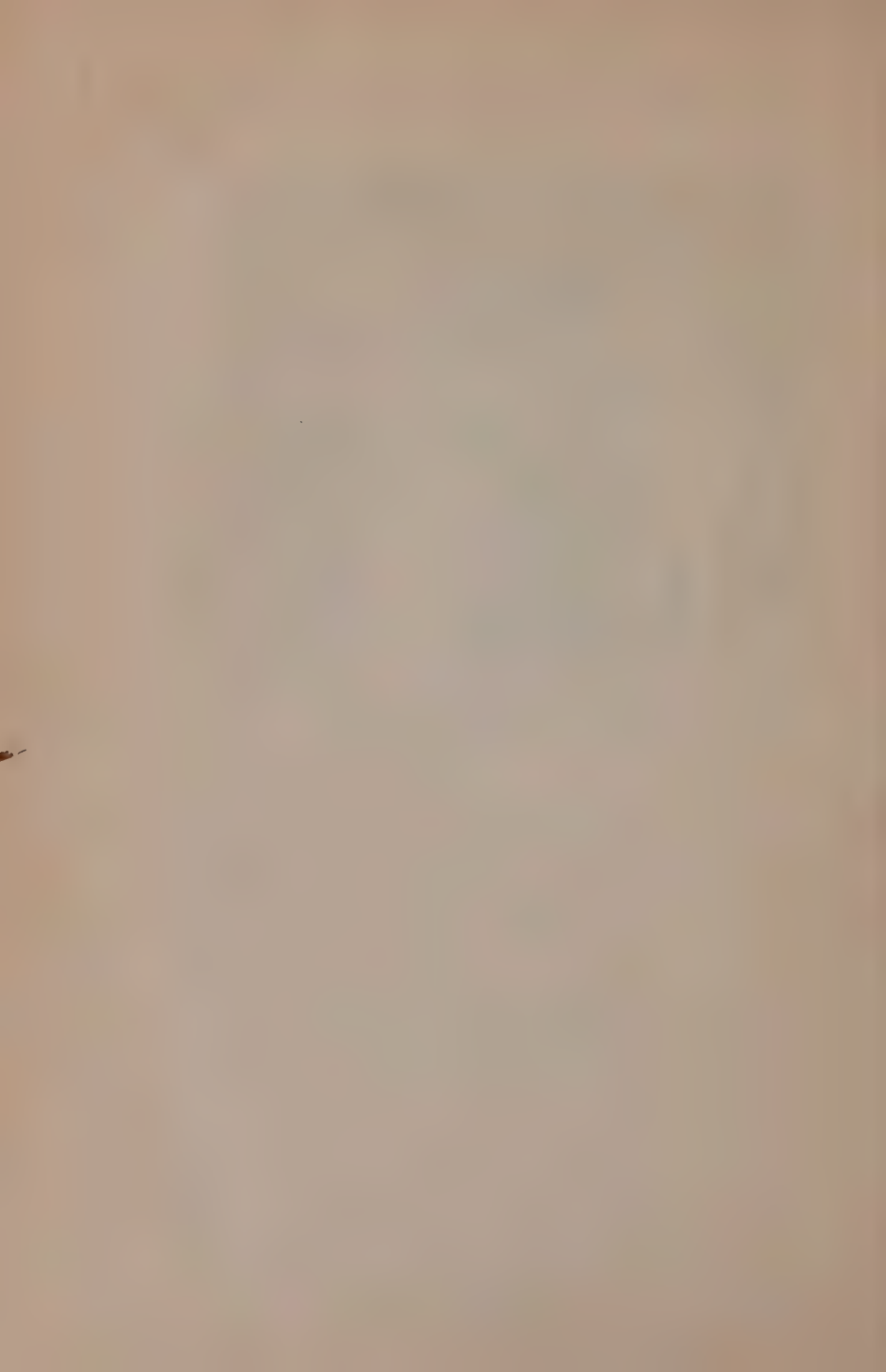
"Well, lad, my right handle air James Larabee," was the hearty rejoinder, "but them as knows me allers calls me Slim Jim, I vum. Put 'er thar, stranger," and he thrust forth a hand as hard as horn.

"My name is Richard Rollo, Mr. Larabee," said Dick.



"I CALKERLATE I'M PLAIN SLIM JIM . . . HIM WITH A READY
TRIGGER AN' A HEART O' GOLD."

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The Search for Diamond Gulch Mine

"Whoopee, Rollo, lay offen thet thar talk an' don't go fer to mister me, lad," returned the old hunter. "I calkerlate I'm plain Slim Jim to all as knows me—Slim Jim, him with a ready trigger an' a heart o' gold." And Dick was touched by this homely philosophy of the out-of-doors.

"Can you get across the Canyon?" he asked.

"Say, lad, they ain't no Canyon wot Slim Jim can't cross," boasted the cowboy, handing Dick a heavy line. By stretching this line across the Canyon, they were soon on their way to Diamond Gulch Mine.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE:

For a long time poor Tom gazed hopelessly across the wasteland of sand and alkali, where the desert bones lay baking in the sun and the only sound for miles around was the occasional clash of primitive hearts. "Old pard," he said to his faithful horse, who was seated beside him, "I guess we're lost."

His trusty steed made no reply; but as Tom

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

bowed his head and choked a sob, the horse rested its hoof for a moment on his shoulder and patted him gently. Then as if ashamed of its own emotion it cleared its throat brusquely, blew its nose, and quickly tapped a cigarette; but in that moment Tom had realized that after all a horse is man's best friend.

"Thanks, Tony," he muttered huskily; and, raising his gun to his shoulder, he brought down a storm of applause. "That always goes big, old pard," he added in a whisper.

Suddenly his eye caught two specks that were moving across the horizon. "Dick! And a stranger!" he shouted; and as soon as he had removed the two specks from his eye so he could see again, he rushed toward them. "Where is Harry?"

CHAPTER TWO:

"Here!" cried Harry, as his brothers eagerly cut him free. "Ben Barsted has gone down into the mine," he explained, pointing

The Search for Diamond Gulch Mine

to a heavy iron door. "We are locked out!"

"Not while Slim Jim is hyer we ain't!" muttered the experienced plainsman; and at once he stood the mystified Rollo Boys one behind another. Thus forming in a single line, they filed through the iron door behind the old trapper, and were in the mine at last.

"Whut tarnation devvil's mockery is this?" muttered Slim Jim, pointing to a gaping hole in the mountain-side, which Ben Barsted had carelessly left behind him when he dug down for the gold.

"Let us trap him!" cried Tom; and, seizing the entrance, they pulled up the hole, leaving only the excavation where the hole had been.

"Help!" pleaded Ben Barsted. "Let me up and you can have the gold."

"Will you promise to reform?" asked Dick.

"Hurray for the Rollo Boys!" promised Ben Barsted sullenly, as they lowered the hole again to the entrapped bully.

So Ben Barsted turned over a new leaf; but what was written on that leaf, and how it affected the fortunes, not only of the Rollos,

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

but also of the author and his publishers, will all be related in the next volume of this series, to be entitled: "The Rollo Boys Among the Taxi-Cabs; or, How Tom Outwitted the Yellow Peril."

And here let us say Good-by.

Good-by.

Volume Six:



HOW SPRING CAME TO THE ROLLO BOYS SERIES

"Hip hip hurrah! Sis boom bah! Rock-ets!"

"Well, if it isn't Alexander Pop!" cried Tom merrily, as he spied the colored man-of-all-work driving the horses. "Have a cigar, Alex!"

"Ah bets dat cigar am loaded, sho 'nuff!" winked Alexander Pop slyly, as he touched a match to the stogie. Instantly there was a terrific explosion, and then the "African" climbed down painfully from a telegraph pole with his coat inside out, and shook his finger warningly at Tom.

"No, sah, Massa Tom!" he grinned, "you cain't fool dish yer nigger!" And then Tom had to join sheepishly in the general laugh

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

that followed, when he saw how completely the colored man had "put one over" on him.

Thus cracking wise, what should the three Rollo Boys and their girl friends heave in sight of but an apple-orchard filled with ap-



"JUST THE SPOT FOR A PICNIC," CRIED THE GIRLS.

ple-trees. "Just the spot for a picnic!" cried Elsie, leaping onto the emerald greensward. Here they all devoured the picnic lunch with gusto, who barked and wagged his tail happily. Tom indeed proved the life of the party, what with dropping caterpillars down the girls' backs and sprinkling ground-glass in the lemonade and one thing or another;

How Spring Came to Rollo Boys Series

and their merriment was not a whit abated when the fun-loving Rollo broke his tooth on an olive-pit immediately afterwards. Tom was in great demand everywhere, and in some places they even offered a substantial reward.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN:

Luncheon over, the party lounged under the trees admiring the sylvan setting. Overhead the branches were pink with apple-blossoms, while somewhere a bird whistled the "Humoresque" and a couple of girls in ballet-slippers danced a little allegory entitled: "From Pupa to Butterfly, with a Happy Birthday," depicting the four seasons, East, West, Cool and Cloudy, in their search for the Guiding Spirit of Industry, followed by a man who did card-tricks with matches.

"The next number," read Harry, "is to be an Educational Film entitled: 'How to Tell an Angeworm from his Sister.'"

"That ought not to be hard," replied Tom

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

merrily, "provided you look at it from the right angle."

"Come on, Elsie," whispered Dick, as they wandered away together beneath the overhanging apple-blossoms. "There's something I've been wanting to tell you all these 578 volumes!" and here he gazed sentimentally at the blossoms, which immediately commenced to drift down slowly from the canvas branches.

"Yes, Dick?" said Elsie.

"Ever since I met you in 1892, I've never pulled anything more intimate than simply squeezing your finger-tips ardently once or twice," Dick reminded her. "I've tried to keep this Series clean enough for all our Young Readers."

"I know," sighed Elsie a little wistfully, "you've been a good hero to me, Dick." And she looked up into his face, while her hair lifted gently in the faint breeze from an electric fan in the wings, and the apple-blossoms continued to flutter down realistically in a pink shower.

"Elsie," blurted Dick, seizing her hand
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How Spring Came to Rollo Boys Series

tremulously as the first violin sounded the key in a long-drawn note. "I love you!" They advanced three steps. "Whenever I gaze in your eyes," continued Dick, "As blue as summer skies,

I simply sigh,
Between you and I,
I lo-oo-ooove you, dear!"

"Whenever you're holding me tight," replied Elsie, as Dick folded her in his arms, "I know everything's all right,

So I just reply,
I wonder why
I lo-oo-ooove you, dear!"

"I wonder where these lyrics came from?" mused Dick to himself, but he thought no more about it at the time, as they continued singing together: "I love you, dear! I love you, dear!" gazing ardently into each other's eyes,

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

"I love you, do you hear?
I love you so,
Because, you know,
I luh-huh-*hove* you, dear!"

Then suddenly there were two sharp raps of a baton, and the pink "apple-blossoms" stirred and rose to their feet, and to everyone's surprise it was seen that they were so many attractive chorus-girls and the "petals" were really only big, pink bows on their hats, whereupon they all locked arms and danced merrily behind Dick and Elsie, who strolled from one side of the orchard to the other singing the second verse of "I Love You, Dear." Then for a final smash all the lights went out suddenly and there were the "apple-blossoms" all outlined in some sort of phosphorescent material, which brought storms of applause and was used a year later by the Shuberts.

"This is all so beautiful," murmured Elsie.
"We've never had a love scene before."

"Just the same, it doesn't sound to me like a Rollo Boys Book," hesitated Dick as they came back for encore after encore.

How Spring Came to Rollo Boys Series

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN:

"Hello, folks," sang out Tom, appearing suddenly dressed in a pair of black-and-white checked trousers and a bright green vest, with a tiny brown derby set way back on his head. "Well, folks," he continued in a high nasal voice, "I'm gonna sing you a li'l' song entitled: 'The Rollo Boys in Norway; or, How Tom Learned a New Fjord Joke.'"

"Tom," cried Dick in confusion, "what does this mean?"

"It means that Elsie is really heiress to the Wimple millions, but she was abandoned at Willow Brook Farm because Ben Barsted will foreclose the mortgage unless Big Boy wins the race, so Elsie is going to run in his stead. They're off!" he added, and everyone advanced at once to the footlights and pointed out over the audience, cheering and shouting: "Hurray, the race is on! Partner leads! No Trumps! Can you see who's ahead? I make it Spades! Spades leads! No, Elsie passes. Hooray, Elsie has won!"

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

"Elsie," demanded Dick desperately, "please explain this at once."

"Explain?" replied Elsie, while the lights lowered and a violin played softly the refrain of "I Love You, Dear," on sale in the lobby after the performance. "Why should I explain? Don't you—trust me?" she sobbed, as the curtain gave a convulsive jerk and then commenced to descend slowly. "Very well, this is—good-by." She advanced three steps. "It is breaking my heart," she sobbed, as the audience reached under the seats for their hats, "But we've got to part,

Though the reason I do not know.

But it's always this way

In a musical play

At nine forty-five or so."

"But this *isn't* a musical play," cried Dick suddenly, while the audience paused in the aisles in amazement. "This is a Rollo Boys Book."

"Hooray for the Rollo Boys Series!" shouted the enthusiastic audience, tossing

How Spring Came to Rollo Boys Series

their programs in the air and cheering lustily, while the orchestra crashed in a rousing chord and the confetti flowed like water. Then cheers mingled with applause as the walls buckled and collapsed, and the climax brought down the house; and the Rollo Boys and their girl friends found themselves driving home quietly in the moonlight.

"The love-scene threw us out," explained Tom reproachfully, as the party gazed about them in bewilderment.

"We were simply planning to start a new Rollo Boys Series," began Dick apologetically; but Elsie blushed like a violet and called for a short cheer to change the subject. The cheer was given with a will; and the contents of that will, and how it led the Rollo Boys a thrilling search among the Aztecs for the Lost City of the Incas, will all be related in the next volume of this series, to be entitled: "The Rollo Boys in the Sahara; or, How Tom Found a Place to Park His Car."

And here let us say Good-by.

Good-by.

Volume Seven:



HOW A BULL FIGHT HAD NO CONNECTION WITH A LOST CITY

"All out for Oak Run!" called the white-haired engineer, as the three Rollo Boys caught up their suitcases and dismounted from the railway coach.

"Say, come back here, I want to ask you something!" shouted a brown-haired, curly-eyed youth of nineteen, waving his arms excitedly as the train started on its way down the track.

"What is it?" asked the aged engineer, reversing his engine and backing again to the station.

"How far would you have been now if I hadn't called you?" queried Tom Rollo, while a loud laugh went up from the passengers, and the engineer vowed it indeed "a good one."

How a Fight Had no Connection

Then the three lads piled into the carry-all and sped to Willow Brook Farm.

"Hip hip hurray!" cheered the Willow Brook farm-hands lustily, as the Rollo Boys caught up their overalls and trotted out onto the hay-field. "You are in the nick of time to win the harvest!"

"I'll pitch for Willow Brook Farm!" announced Dick Rollo, seizing a pitchfork and walking home.

"Let me send you a low, swift bale," offered Harry.

"This is the last straw," groaned fun-loving Tom, adding in a whisper: "Leave the cracks to me, Harry."

"Are you ready?" sang out a farm-hand named Cal Coolidge, as he wound up and delivered a swift speech on national economy, resting his foot on a sap-bucket while the rotogravure-section cameras commenced to click feverishly; when suddenly a shriek was heard across the meadow, and who should burst into view but Elsie Dinsmore and Nettie and Dotty Dimple, followed closely by an

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

infuriated bull. "Bellow!" shouted the bull lustily.

"Help!" screamed Elsie, fainting in Dick's arms. "The bull will charge us!"

"He can't charge us," retorted Tom merrily. "We haven't got an account." And even the bull had to snicker a little at that one.

"Can you save us?" inquired Nettie, when she could control her laughter.

"It may be a toss-up," replied Tom, carefully selecting a red silk petticoat and stepping in front of the infuriated animal, which halted in amazement.

CHAPTER TWO AND A HALF:

Slowly Tom circled the angry bull, which snorted and pawed the sand impatiently as the trumpets blared the "Toreador Song" from "Carmen" and a long line of matadors filed down into the arena. Twice they paraded about the vast amphitheater, while Tom marched gaily at their head, pausing only to



THE PRESIDENT OF MEXICO, A MR. HYLAN, READ A
PROCLAMATION IN HIS HONOR.

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How a Fight Had no Connection

shove a stray hay-rick out of his path as he advanced over the carpet of flowers strewn at his feet toward the box where the President of Mexico stood reading a proclamation in his honor.

"Bravo for Tom Rollo!" shouted the President, a Mr. Hylan; and the eager citizens took up the cry, tossing their sombreros in the air and shouting lustily: "Huzza! Huzza!" while Tom flung the red silk cloth over his shoulders and bowed to the right and left. In the meantime several attendants rapidly spread fresh sand over the arena, some of which accidentally got into the bull's eyes and made him sorer than ever; and as the parade started around the amphitheater a third time, the bull muttered "Snort!" and would have walked away in disgust, had not Tom remembered him in the nick of time.

With his eyes only on Nettie, who waved him encouragement from a seat close to the ring, Tom stepped toward the bull, while the stands fell silent at his bravery and strong men muttered prayers under their breath and

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women hid their eyes. With a sudden movement Tom flung the red cloth over the bull's eyes, tied it behind his neck, slapped him playfully on one cheek, and stepped aside lightly as the embarrassed animal stumbled forward with a foolish expression.

"Take the bull by the horns," shouted the eager spectators, as Tom lifted the animal off its feet with a giant wrench, upset it in mid-air, and sent it sprawling on its side in the blood-stained arena. Then amid the frenzied shrieks of half-hysterical women he drew a sword from his sash and with one fell swoop he severed the prostrate bull in twain; when to every one's astonishment the two halves were seen to leap to their feet and run off in opposite directions.

"Stop!" cried Harry, who had been watching the bull suspiciously; and like a flash he tackled the hind legs and sent them sprawling, revealing Measles the toady.

"I always thought you were a little bully," said Tom merrily.

"It wasn't my fault I went wrong," sobbed



"TO THE LOST CITY!" LEERED BEN BARSTED.



How a Fight Had no Connection

the "hind-legs" pitifully. "I couldn't see where I was going."

"You should have kicked," replied Dick seriously.

"Whenever I tried to back down, I got sat on," sighed Measles sadly.

In the meantime the front half of the bull was naturally ahead, and as it outdistanced its pursuers and sped across the arena toward Elsie and Nettie and Dotty, it flung off its horns, and there stood revealed—three guesses. (1). No. (2). No. (3). Yes.

"Ben Barsted!" ejaculated the reader, feverishly tearing out the next three pages in his excitement.

Page 78

frightened the three girls into a spasm, many hundred feet deep, at the foot of which a tiny stream curled beneath the beetling walls.

"To the Lost City!" leered Ben Barsted, bearing the girls down the narrow, hot spasm, where black, hairy *tarantellas* crawled amid the sour *piccolos* that grew everywhere in

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

abundance, and the air overhead was foul with the screeching of pink *fandangos*.

"Where are the Rollo Boys?" gasped Elsie; and in his anxiety to find them the reader skipped the next three chapters entirely.

CHAPTER NINETY-THREE:

"Ben Barsted!" gasped Dick, as the Rollo Boys set out in hot pursuit.

"How do you know?" inquired Tom.

"It always is," replied Dick; and then the three Rollos spurred their horses forward and ate up the road, leaving only a few scattered crumbs as they disappeared over the horizon.

"Where are we going?" gasped Harry.

"To the rescue," replied Dick. Suddenly as they sped onward a little slave girl flung herself in their path, holding a note in Elsie's handwriting, from which dropped a small arrow.

"'We are held captive in the Lost City,'" read Dick, "'but I am enclosing an arrow to

How a Fight Had no Connection

point the way. Save us. Regards, Elsie.
P.S. Wish you were here. E.'"

"Where can we find Lost City?" asked Harry.

"Where did they lose it?" returned the irrepressible Tom.

"You must first solve the Aztec code-charts," replied the little slave girl, taking from her pocket a couple of gold tablets covered with strange writings. "First somebody must think of a number."

"One," said Tom after some thought.

Rapidly the little slave girl cut the cards and dealt them face down on the hot sand. "What card have you got?" she inquired of Tom.

"Vingt-et-un," replied Tom.

"Wrong," she said. "Twenty-one horizontal is 'emu.'" And so saying, she blindfolded Tom and turned him around three or eight times. Slowly he groped his way forward toward the gold charts, while the air filled with suppressed giggles and snickers. For a moment he hesitated, then with unerring aim

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

he pinned the tail on the donkey exactly in place.

"The next syllable is harder, though," warned the little slave girl, as she drew from



"WHAT CARD HAVE YOU GOT?"

her pocket a railroad conductor's hat, a megaphone, and some burnt cork, with which she proceeded to blacken her face. Then she commenced running up and down the sand, shouting through the megaphone: "All aboard for Washington, Philadelphia, New York and

How a Fight Had no Connection

Boston. All aboard for Washington, Philadelphia, New York and—”

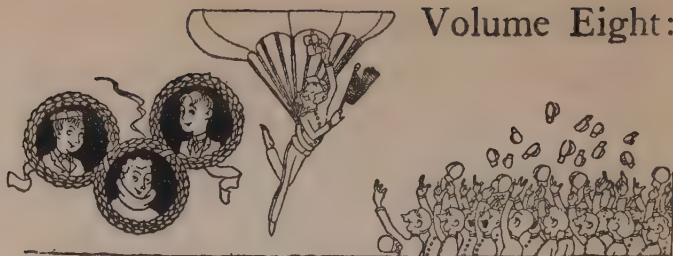
“Boston!” guessed Tom.

“The Lost City!” gasped Dick, as Elsie fainted in his arms. “We have solved the street system at last!”

“Three cheers for the Rollo Boys!” shouted the enthusiastic citizens. “Now we can escape!”

The cheers were given with a will; but the contents of that will, and how it affected the fortunes of our young heroes, will all be related in the next volume of this series, to be entitled: “The Rollo Boys in Rum Row; or, How Tom Won his Case.” And here let us say Good-by.

Good-by.



INDEPENDENCE DAY, AND WHAT OF IT?

"Rat tat tat! Rat tat tat! Rat tat tat!" sounded the rising bugle, as the Merriwell Hall cadets tumbled sleepily out of their tents and stood at attention while Dr. Merriwell ran up the flag.

"Three cheers for Merriwell Camp!" called the elderly Doctor as he reached the top of the flag and led the eager students assembled below him in the famous Merriwell Camp Cheer:

"The Spot Ideal for manly boys. Located on the shores of mighty Lake A Rose. Tumbling water and call of birds, sturdy sun-tanned youngsters, council-fires under the stars. Mountain-climbing and -descending, swimming, wading, paddling, hiking, canoe-

Independence Day, and What of It?

ing and glass-blowing. Fresh wholesome food, reasonable rates, address Dr. Merriwell, Box Z."

"Cheer! Cheer! Cheer!" added the cadets, proudly tossing their heads in the air and shouting lustily.

"Now how do I get down though?" mused Dr. Merriwell, peering nervously from the flag-pole as the exercises came to an end.

"Jump!" cried Tom Rollo, winking merrily. "I've got a net!" So Dr. Merriwell jumped; and then Tom just had to laugh, because he didn't have any net at all. Yet with it all Dr. Merriwell could not help but love the boy and wish he were his own, for just about five minutes.

"First chap in the water gets a big red apple!" called Dick Rollo, as he led the merry chase to the water's edge. Here some of the students engaged in aquatic sports while others went swimming in the icy water; when suddenly a great commotion arose in the middle of the lake, and Hans Brinker was seen

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

to toss his hands in the air and shout lustily. "*Ach du mein Zeit!*" spluttered the "German" youth. "I vos catch such a cramp as neffer vos, you pet!"



"GO IN THERE AND WIN, TOM," WHISPERED NETTIE.

"Did you say 'cramp' or 'crab'?" inquired Tom merrily.

"Holp kvick!" yelled poor Hans, "oder I vos pe by der bottom of the lake alretty yet, ain't it!"

"To the rescue!" shouted Tom, as the cadets lined up on the dock.

Independence Day, and What of It?

"Go in there and win, Tom," whispered Nettie, giving the fun-loving Rollo's hand a last-minute squeeze, while Dick and Harry crowded around him offering bits of advice. "Watch out for Ben Barsted," added Harry, as the contestants took their places.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN:

"Pooh, I've read about you and your two brothers," sneered the big bully of Merriwell Hall, swaggering up to Tom Rollo. "We have the whole Rollo Boys set home, and I don't believe a word of them."

"Why don't you turn over a new leaf, you big bully, you?" asked Dick generously, knocking Barsted's hat down over his eyes while Tom pulled out his necktie and Harry untied both his shoelaces.

"Oh, you think you're the only toads in the puddle," fumed Barsted crossly, "but I'll teach you to suck eggs."

"You've got to spell 'able' first!" retorted Tom glibly, as Dr. Merriwell commenced

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

reading aloud the instructions. "We will race to yonder Hans Brinker and return—" began the Doctor.

"By the way, I don't see Hans Brinker any more," interrupted Dick, peering across the lake.

"—to yonder rock and return," corrected Dr. Merriwell. "The first man to win receives a prize," he added; and, so adding, he raised his starting gun. Click! went the pistol, and like a flash Ben Barsted plunged into the water and struck out rapidly alone.

"!" exclaimed Dr. Merriwell, examining the weapon. "Someone has put a silencer on the starting-gun. Go!" he shouted, as the fun-loving Rollo finally set out after the retreating form of Ben Barsted, and the two cadets tore down the track, which was later rebuilt at considerable expense.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN:

"Hurrah for Tom Rollo!" cried the eager students as the contestants rounded the curve

Independence Day, and What of It?

and started down the home-stretch. "Leg it, Ben, leg it!" added Don Garter, one of Barsted's supporters.

Owing to several corks which Tom had cleverly scattered among the cinders of the track, the spikes of Ben Barsted's running-shoes became clogged, and now Tom sailed past him with ease. Amid the pandemonium of a hundred throats the fun-loving Rollo fell forward onto the tape at the finish, when to everyone's astonishment the tape stretched under his weight, then rebounded like rubber and sent him flying backwards down the track in the opposite direction past Ben Barsted, who crawled under the finish line—a winner!

"Someone must have substituted an elastic band!" exclaimed Dick, who had been examining the tape closely. "I suspect there is some foul plot afoot," he boded, as the contestants lined up for the pole-vault.

"Snicker," grinned Ben Barsted to his afore-said toady, Don Garter. "I have covered the cross-bar with barbed wire. Harry Rollo will come out behind in *this* race!"

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

While the spectators held their breath, the unsuspecting Harry rose high in the air. All at once he was seen to hesitate in mid-air and then dangle upside down from the bar. "Now we'll see the end of Harry," leered Barsted; when with a sudden rip! the youngest Rollo tore off a couple of yards in the nick of time, and landed on his stomach in the sawdust amidst the congratulations of the cadets. "Hurray!" shouted Tom. "Harry wins in six feet flat!"

"Three rousing cheers for the Rollo Boys!" shouted the spectators wildly.

In the meantime Ben Barsted had captured the hurdles by cleverly concealing them under his sweat-shirt, and consequently walking away with the event. Now he sped down the track like an arrow out of a gun, and as he reached the Judge's stand Dr. Merriwell glanced at his watch amid a breathless silence. "Ben Barsted has run the 100-yard dash in exactly one minute," he admitted with a low whistle.

"Cock a doodle doo!" crowed the bully,

Independence Day, and What of It?

smiling cunningly to himself, while Dick lined up and ran the course at white heat. As the eldest Rollo drew alongside the stand, Dr. Merriwell stared at his stop-watch in amazement. "Dick Rollo seems to have run the 100-yard dash in exactly one hour and one minute," he announced. "Ben Barsted wins by an hour."

"Hurrah for Ben Barsted," cried Ben Barsted.

"I wonder where I lost that hour?" mused poor Dick.

"I have an idea!" winked Tom merrily. "Let's celebrate the Fourth of July!" he shouted loudly, handing out a number of torpedo-bombs to the assembled cadets and, while nobody was looking, slyly dropping one down Ben Barsted's throat, who thought nothing of it at the time.

"The winner of the race must be tossed in a blanket!" shouted Harry, who was "in" on the prank; and at once the eager cadets took up the cry.

Suddenly the fun-loving Rollo drew close

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

to the swaggering bully. "You've just swallowed a bomb," he whispered in Barsted's ear. "If we toss you, you'll explode!"

"Stop! Dick Rollo won this race!" confessed the frightened bully. "I set the stopwatch back for Daylight Saving Time!"

"But in Daylight Saving Time you gain an hour!" cried Tom merrily. "Consequently Dick ran the race in 59 minutes less than no time!"

"Bah, those Rollos make me sick," muttered Ben Barsted, swallowing a spoonful of ipecac; and then Tom couldn't help but smile, because the "torpedo" had only been made of chocolate in the first place.

Then, while red fire and sparklers lit up the festive scene and twenty Roman Candles spelled out: "The Rollo Boys Series" in the heavens, a gigantic red, white and blue balloon burst into flames over the Camp, and Dr. Merriwell descended in a parachute and handed Dick the prize package, as a group of school-children acted out a patriotic pageant entitled: "The Progress of American Independence, in

Independence Day, and What of It?

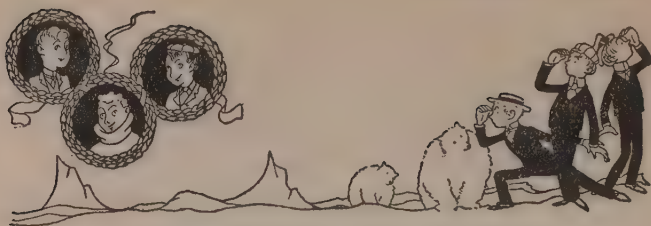
the Opposite Direction," in which two little girls went sound asleep to represent the "Senate" and the "House of Representatives," and nineteen small boys depicting the "Amendments to the Constitution" passed both "Houses" and went over and knocked down an old man on crutches called "General Public; the Poor Boob," while everyone applauded violently and waved his flag, and the whole affair didn't do the slightest good whatsoever and received the Pulitzer award.

"But what's in the prize package?" asked Harry impatiently.

"It contains the next volume of the Rollo Boys Series," replied his brother. "In this volume we shall learn how Ben Barsted joined hands with Prof. Persimmons in further plots against our young heroes, to be entitled: 'The Rollo Boys Under Water; or, How Tom Bought Some Real Estate in Florida.'"

And here let us say Good-by.

Good-by.



AN AEROPLANE DASH FOR THE POLE

"Harry! Tom!"

"Dick! Tom!"

"Tom! Harry!"

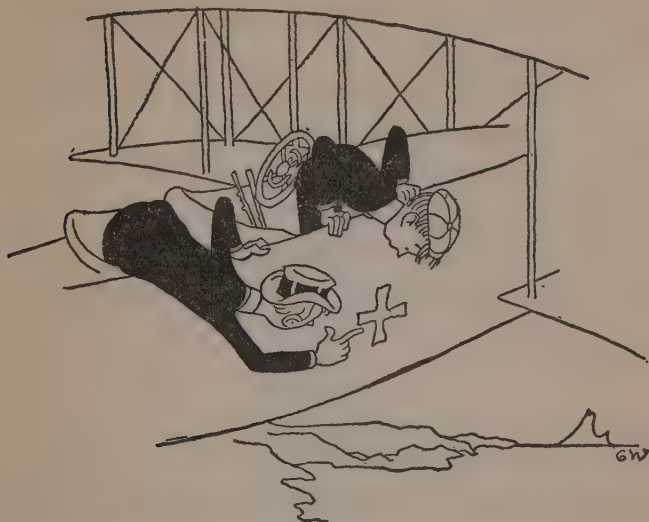
"Stop!" cried Dick suspiciously; and, taking out a sheet of white paper, he wrote down: "Harry! Tom!" "Dick! Tom!" and "Tom! Harry!" He then added them together and divided through by Tom. "The result is Harry and Dick," he said seriously. "Tom cancels."

"Perhaps we lost Tom when he fell out of this aeroplane just now," mused Harry soberly. "Come to think of it, I haven't seen him since."

"Which way did he go?" pondered Dick, as they turned back to look.

An Aeroplane Dash for the Pole

"I'm not sure," replied Harry thoughtfully, "but I think he started straight down. I know he was in quite a hurry."



"THIS MUST BE THE SPOT WHERE HE FELL OUT."

"This must be the spot where he fell out," exclaimed Dick, halting the aeroplane and pointing to a large "X" chalked on the side of the car. "Tom!" he called, peering over the side.

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

"Look!" whispered Harry, clutching his brother's arm and pointing to another aeroplane which was bound in the same direction they were going. The fact that they didn't know which way they were going only made them all the more suspicious.

"Let us catch up with him," urged Harry. "Perhaps he is following us!"

"How about Tom?" queried Dick. "Does he know the way?"

"He can always find us in the chapter ahead," replied Harry, as the two planes sped toward the North Pole.

CHAPTER 102:

Meantime Tom Rollo was falling rapidly through the air; and as he sped down he grabbed his hat and leaned far over, peering at the ground below. "Well, I guess it's all up with me from now on!" smiled the fun-loving Rollo to himself; and several passing eagles chuckled at his witty sally.

As the ground drew nearer and the chances

An Aeroplane Dash for the Pole

of hitting it increased, through Tom's mind like a flash passed the previous events of his life, entitled "The Rollo Boys Series for Young Americans," as listed in full on the back cover, \$2.00 a gross, \$9.98 a hundred, postpaid. No stories for boys have ever attained the immense popularity of this favorite series, which mingles adventure with open air sport in such a lively way as to appeal to every red-blooded manly boy from 16 to 60, on sale wherever books are sold provided they are bought. On fell poor Tom.

CHAPTER 103:

As the two speeding Rollo Boys drew closer to the fleeing plane, they spied a familiar figure seated at the wheel. "Ben Barsted!" ejaculated Harry. "He is trying to beat us to the Pole!"

"Halt!" cried Dick, emptying a volley of bullets at the retreating plane and handing Harry the empty volley to refill.

"In the pig's hip pocket I will!" retorted

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

Ben Barsted, and, watching his chance, he looked daggers at his pursuers, one of which punctured their rear tire leaving them flat. Down they circled helplessly toward the snow-covered ground; and as they came to a halt in the Land of the Midnight Sun and dismounted from their plane, they were at once surrounded by the inquisitive natives, who clambered over the machine in their child-like curiosity, examining each part minutely.

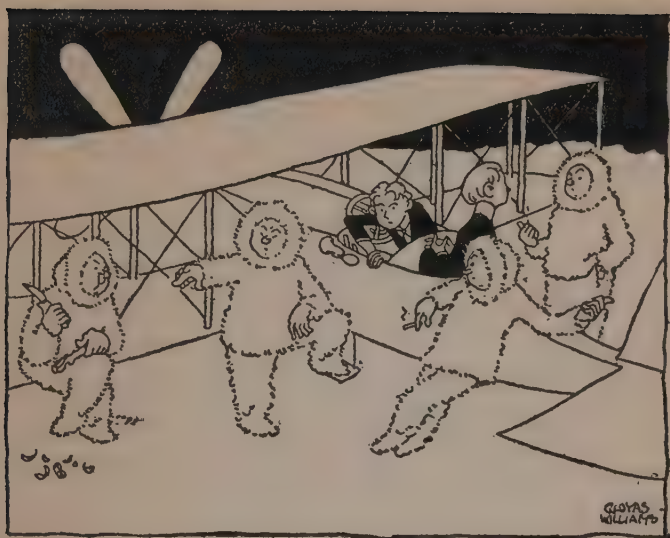
"Better get those valves ground and the carburetor cleaned," remarked the first Eskimo.

"I'd advance that spark a little," advised the second aborigine.

"Your mixture's pretty rich, son," said a third native.

"How do we get to the North Pole?" interrupted Dick seriously.

"The North Pole? Let me see," mused the first Eskimo. "I'd say take the first turn to your right and then on three blocks and then two to your left, and that would land you in Peary Avenue, wouldn't it, George?"



"I'D SAY TAKE THE FIRST TURN TO YOUR RIGHT AND THEN ON
THREE BLOCKS AND THEN TWO TO YOUR LEFT."

[III]

An Aeroplane Dash for the Pole

"Naw, he wants to take the *second* turn, and swing around past the igloo with the red roof—"

"Or else, hold on a minute, George, he can go straight up, and across, and over, and *then* down—"

"Yeh, he can do that too," admitted the second Eskimo, "only be sure to turn off at the third Blubber Stand."

"Thank you," said Dick politely, as the Rollo boys set out in search.

CHAPTER 104:

While the fun-loving Rollo sped on downward through the air, the sun slowly sank in the West, and his shadow lengthened on the ground below him. "Shoot!" muttered Tom to himself. "Looks like night will fall before I do."

As it grew rapidly darker, Tom halted in a convenient air-pocket. "It's a cinch I can't make the ground now before tomorrow morning," he decided, and, so deciding, he cooked

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

his supper over a blazing fire and sat for a long time afterwards gazing dreamily into the flames before he knocked the ashes from his pipe and watched them drift lazily down.

"Guess I'd better get some sleep," he thought. "I have a long fall ahead of me tomorrow," and he rolled comfortably in his blankets, taking care first to hide a shooting star under his pillow in case of marauding eagles. "Nothing like sleeping in the night air," sighed Tom blissfully; and for a long time he lay on his stomach, staring at the stars, before he dropped off.

CHAPTER 105:

As dawn broke over the ice-fields, Dick and Harry Rollo gazed at the beautiful scene which met their eyes. Across the ice darted hundreds of Eskimo girls in fluffy white ballet skirts, and the sharp ring of their skates mingled with the hoarse grunts of polar bears which were balancing on red and gold barrels, while a tall man in the center cracked his whip.



THE ROLLO BOYS DISCOVER THE POLE FOR THE GLORY OF
MERRIWELL HALL.

An Aeroplane Dash for the Pole

"Pardon me," inquired Harry, "but which way is south?"

"There," replied the Eskimo girls, pointing in every direction.

"Then we are at the North Pole!" cried Dick, as he and Harry ran eagerly to carve their initials in the famous columns.

"Hurray for the Rollo Boys!" shouted the Eskimo girls, raising their brimming glasses of Cliquot in the air and cheering lustily, while the northern lights blazed in the sky and seven trained seals advanced over the ice bouncing large red globes off the tips of their noses appropriately lettered W, E, L, C, O, M, and E; when whirr-rr-rrr! came the sudden ominous roar of an aeroplane, and like a flash Ben Barsted sped toward them, seized the treasured initials they had just cut in the Pole, thrust them in his pocket, and disappeared again over the horizon with a hollow laugh.

CHAPTER \$105.98:

Meanwhile Tom had awakened bright and early; and after a refreshing cold shower he

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

started again on his downward flight. He was rapidly growing more accustomed to his fall, and even amused himself now and then by stopping and starting suddenly, or occasionally calling: "Eighteen out!" and then paying no attention to himself for the fun of it.

At the eleventh floor a man got on named Walter F. Gurry of Milwaukee, who said he was in the iron pipes and gadgets game; and he and Tom had quite a pleasant chat as they descended. Mr. Gurry was very agreeable and fell down with Tom as far as the sixth, and then Tom insisted on taking him back to the eighth again. "Well, I'm sure glad I fell in with you, brother," smiled Mr. Gurry affably. "Drop by again sometime for lunch," he added, as Tom started down again.

CHAPTER SIX:

As the ground drew steadily nearer, Tom gathered up his things. "I guess I'd better jump for it," he mused; when suddenly he spied a small speck approaching over the hori-



“WELL, I’M SURE GLAD I FELL IN WITH YOU, BROTHER,”
SMILED MR. GURRY AFFABLY.

An Aeroplane Dash for the Pole

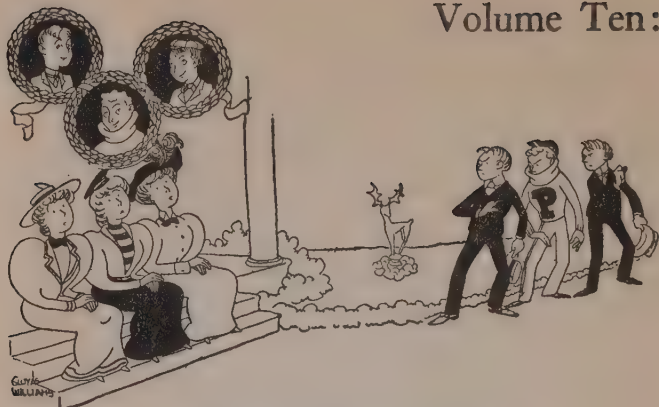
zon, and caught himself in the nick of time. "Ben Barsted!" he ejaculated.

Now the unsuspecting bully flew directly beneath him, and like a bolt from a Ford Tom dropped on Ben Barsted's neck, bringing the escaping plane to a halt as the faithful battleship *Oregon* steamed over the ice with Dick and Harry seated on the prow.

"Three rousing cheers for the Rollo Boys!" shouted the sailors of the *Oregon*, tossing their white hats in the air and cheering lustily. The cheers were given with a will; and the contents of that will, and how it affected the fortunes, not only of our young heroes, but also of the author and his publishers, will all be related in the next volume of this series, to be entitled: "The Rollo Boys in the Never, Never Land; or, How Tom Found a Courteous Traffic Cop."

And here let us say Good-by.

Good-by.



THE BEN BARSTED SERIES

"To the rescue!" shouted a swarthy, evil-looking youth of nineteen, as he galloped down the road at breakneck speed. "Where is Measles?"

"Here I am!" replied his weak-chinned, callow confederate of eighteen summers. "Where is Prof. Persimmons?"

"Here," replied the sour instructor, "and that was Ben Barsted who spoke first. We are in the nick of time!" he added, as the brave villains sped toward the Dinsmore cottage.

"Hurray for Ben Barsted!" shouted the eager cadets, tossing their caps in the air and

The Ben Barsted Series

cheering lustily, as Measles and Prof. Persimmons burst through the door; and while they bound and gagged the three Rollo Boys in a jiffy, our young bully seized Elsie Dinsmore and Nettie and Dotty Dimple. "Saved!" he ejaculated.

"Stop!" cried Dick Rollo, struggling to untie the stout hemp jiffy in which Measles had bound him. "Something is wrong," he pondered. "I wonder what is up?"

"Air!" returned fun-loving Tom merrily, and looked about him brightly; but the cadets only wrinkled their noses and went "Ugh!" and one or two murmured frankly: "Lousy!"

"You'll have to lay off those cracks here, Rollo," warned Prof. Persimmons sternly. "We don't allow them in this Series."

"What Series?" gasped Harry in amazement.

"The Ben Barsted Series," replied Ben Barsted. "As our readers well know," he continued, "our young bully entered Merriwell Hall in the first volume of this Series, and after a short term at this institution, in

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

which he bet his money on the opposing teams, poisoned Dr. Merriwell and finally set fire to the Academy, he embarked on a varied career of crime, as related in: 'Ben Barsted with Gun and Hatchet,' 'Ben Barsted Blows up an Orphan Asylum,' 'Ben Barsted Robs a Starving Widow' and 'Ben Barsted Captures a Rum-Runner.' Ben represents the low-water mark of vice and depravity, and his thrilling adventures mingle murder with larceny and seduction in such a way as to appeal to every 100% American cad, bully or toady from 16 to 60, suppressed wherever books are sold."

"Three rousing cheers for the Ben Barsted Series!" added Measles and Prof. Persimmons, seizing the bully's hand. "We'll get along without any heroes!" they cried eagerly; and so cheering they marched away, leaving the Rollo Boys in high dudgeon.

THE ROLLO BOYS SERIES

CHAPTER TWO:

"Where are we?" muttered Tom, feeling his way along the clammy walls.

The Ben Barsted Series

"In a high dudgeon," explained Harry, turning the key in the rusty lock. "Ben Barsted left us here while he started his Rival Series."

"Well, let him go," retorted Dick sharply, as he gazed up the steep walls of the cell. "We can get along without villains," he maintained stoutly; and so maintaining, the three Rollo Boys drew themselves up proudly and reached the ground once more, where they looked about. Or just about.

THE BEN BARSTED SERIES CHAPTER TWO:

By the light of a tall candle in a bottle Ben Barsted and his cronies sat plotting in their den of vice. On the table rested half a dozen empty bottles, a half-filled box of cigars, and several packs of playing cards.

"How about a little game?" suggested the bully amid a dull silence; but the group of evil-doers shook their heads.

"Have a cigar, anybody?" asked Ben Barsted, offering the box.

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

"No, thanks," said Measles sullenly.

"There's no one to stop you," reminded the bully.

"I know it," said Measles sadly. "That's just the trouble," and he wound up and heaved a long sigh.

THE ROLLO BOYS SERIES

CHAPTER THREE:

"To the rescue!" shouted Tom Rollo in a burst of enthusiasm, urging his horse forward at breakneck speed. "Harry has been kidnapped!"

"No, I haven't," replied Harry dolefully.

"Maybe Dick has been kidnapped then," suggested Tom, spurring his horse forward again hopefully.

"No, I'm here too," sighed Dick. "As a matter of fact, I thought maybe *you'd* been kidnapped yourself," he added reproachfully, as the three Rollo Boys halted their horses disconsolately and each pulled a long face except Harry, who was afraid that if



"SHALL WE PLOT ANOTHER CRIME?" SUGGESTED BEN BARSTED
BRISKLY, AFTER AN AWKWARD PAUSE.

The Ben Barsted Series

he pulled his face too long it might grow that way.

THE BEN BARSTED SERIES

CHAPTER THREE:

"Shall we plot another crime?" suggested Ben Barsted briskly, after an awkward pause.

"Wot's de use?" muttered "Pug" Ugly, stroking the longitudinal scar on his left cheek. "Dey ain't nobody left to plot against!" and the room fell silent again.

"Wot's dat awful smell?" demanded "Pug" Ugly, suddenly sniffing the air suspiciously.

"I don't know," mused Prof. Persimmons, striking a match and peering through the darkness. "We must be sitting in the dumps," he concluded dismally. . . .

With a forced leer Ben Barsted picked up the evil poker deck, shuffled the cards, and absently began to make little houses by standing them on end with their edges together. "Hurray for Ben Barsted!" he reassured himself stoutly now and then.

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

THE ROLLO BOYS SERIES

CHAPTER FOUR:

"I have an idea," said Tom suddenly. "Perhaps the girls have been abducted!" And without further ado the Rollo Boys urged their horses forward at breakneck speed to the Dinsmore cottage. There to their disappointment they discovered the three girls seated moodily on the steps.

"Hasn't anyone tried to abduct you lately, Elsie?" pleaded Dick.

"No," replied Elsie shortly.

"Well, isn't that fine, though!" said Dick lamely.

"I don't see why," snapped Elsie. "Those little abductions were the only chance I ever had to get around."

"Maybe *we* could arrange to abduct you for a while," offered Harry, but Elsie shook her head. "You're only heroes," she sighed dully; and so the Rollo Boys trotted back slowly to Merriwell Hall.

The Ben Barsted Series

"Perhaps someone has stolen the secret to Diamond Gulch Mine?" suggested Tom with a ray of hope in his voice.

"No, I have it right here in my pocket," replied Dick glumly.

"Three cheers for the Rollo Boys!" called a stray student who spied them approaching across the deserted campus.

"Oh, what for?" yawned a second student, as he turned over and went to sleep again. . . .

* * * * *

"Ben Barsted!"

"The Rollo Boys!"

With a delighted cry the rival Series rushed toward each other simultaneously with arms outstretched, while the overjoyed cadets of Merriwell Hall tossed their caps in the air and cheered lustily.

"My villain!" ejaculated Dick Rollo, embracing Ben Barsted affectionately. "Virtue is certainly dull without a little vice," he added happily as he struck the bully again

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

and again on the nose, causing the claret to spurt freely.

"My hero!" sighed Ben Barsted blissfully, pressing his handkerchief blissfully to the injured member, as Dick squeezed his palm warmly with his right hand and continued to pummel him whole-heartedly with his left. And then while the band struck up "The Stars and Stripes Forever," the entire student body marched around and around Merriwell Hall with tears of joy in their eyes, as the Battleship *Oregon* was drawn past on a large float and seven guns spoke in salute and opened out like paper fans, showering red, white and blue bunting over the assembled throng; when suddenly Ben Barsted dashed toward the three girls, and amid the joyful shouts of half-hysterical students, who embraced each other and wept for joy, the bully tucked the giggling, kicking girls under his arm and disappeared over the horizon, with the happy Rollo Boys in hot pursuit.

"Three rousing cheers for the Rollo Boys Series!" burst the cadets in a great wave of

The Ben Barsted Series

emotion. "May they keep on forever!" And so shouting, Dr. Merriwell and the entire student body of Merriwell Hall followed the retreating forms of Dick, Tom and Harry Rollo, on into the night. . . .

'Across the empty stage wandered a lone carpenter in blue overalls; and as the pulleys creaked he lowered slowly the last curtain, bearing in letters blurred with tears the familiar legend:

"And Here Let Us Say Good-by."

Good-by.



Second Cheer!!

"HERE AND THERE WITH OUR
BOYHOOD HEROES"



HOW THE ROLLO BOYS WON THE GAME

"Hurry up, Dick," cried a brown-eyed, curly-haired youth of nineteen as he grabbed up a football and ran out onto the field.

"I'm coming," replied Dick seriously. "Where is Harry?"

"Here I am," replied Harry, "and that was Tom who spoke first, who is a brown-haired, curly-eyed youth of nineteen and full of mischief. We are the three Rollo Boys, and we have just returned from an exciting summer in Africa, as related in 'The Rollo Boys in Search of Football Material.' "

"Hooray for the Rollo Boys!" called the stands.

"Hooray!" echoed the team.

"You are in the nick of time," explained

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

Dr. Merriwell. "We have one minute left to play, and our ancient grid rivals have already rolled up over a hundred points against us. I am beginning to suspect that something is the matter."

"Ben Barsted has bet all his money on the opposing team," whispered Dick.

"He is playing a trombone in the college band," offered Harry. "I wonder what there is in it."

"Wind," said Tom Rollo merrily; and the left-field bleachers collapsed with laughter.

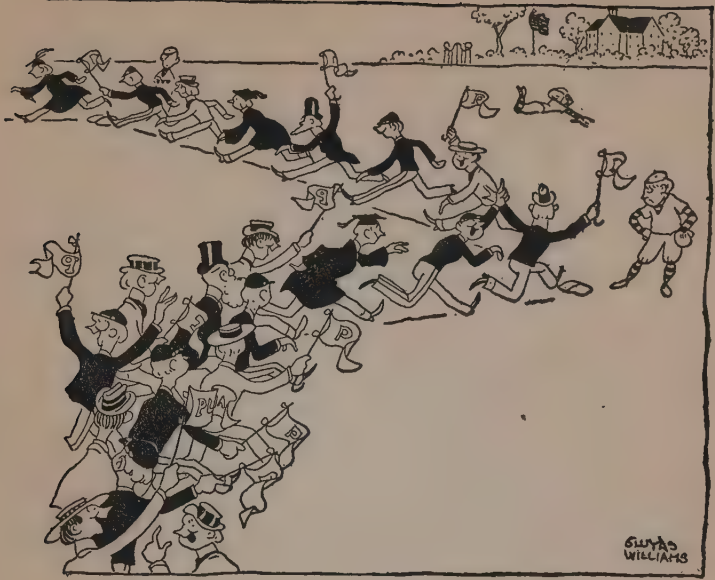
"One—two—three—four!" went the quarterback, calling signals.

"Oomp—oomp—oomp—oomp!" went Ben Barsted's trombone, drowning them out as fast as they were called.

"Stop!" cried Tom; and, rushing pell-mell into the midst of the school musicians, the fun-loving Rollo thrust his arm down Barsted's trombone and pulled it inside out, so that the only way he could play it was to get inside.

"That effectively quashes the first of your three mean tricks, Ben Barsted," he said.





GIVEN WITH A WILL.

How the Rollo Boys Won the Game

Yet this was not all. Dick's keen eyes had not been idle; and now he stalked across the field and tilted up the visitor's goal-posts, disclosing a pair of castors upon their bases. "This field is at least twenty yards too short," he said sternly, as he picked up the posts and carried them back to their proper places.

"Hooray for the Rollo Boys!" called the stands.

On came the opposing team, and Tom Rollo had the ball. What should he do? With but a moment's pause, the brave youth turned and ran. Inasmuch as he had already run through three series and nine editions he soon outdistanced his pursuers. Then as they fell panting and exhausted behind him, he turned again and loped easily back over their prostrate forms for a touchdown.

"Hooray! Hooray!" called everyone.

"No doubt Harry Rollo's steady toe will now pilot the pigskin unerringly through the air for the goal after touchdown," said Dr. Merriwell confidently.

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

Harry kicked the ball, when to the astonishment of everyone it was seen to halt in mid-air between the posts, and then leap back at him. With but a moment's pause Tom Rollo bit his teeth, climbed up the goal-posts and tore loose a large piece of chicken-wire which Ben Barsted had fastened there.

"Some day that sneak will go too far," he said.

The score now stood 216-110 in Merriwell Hall's favor, and Dick could stand it no longer. He paused in the middle of the field and raised his hand. "Fellows," he said, "we don't want to make enemies." Then, cubing his already square jaw, he ran determinedly down the field and generously placed the ball between his own goal-posts.

"Three rousing cheers for the Rollo Boys!" called the grateful rivals.

The cheers were given with a will; and the contents of that will, and how it affected the fortunes, not only of the Rollo Boys, but also of their missing step-uncle being held captive

How the Rollo Boys Won the Game

in Bolivia, will be related in the next volume of this series entitled: "The Rollo Boys in the Subway; or, How Tom Got Lost in a Turnstile Gate." And here let us say Good-by.

Good-by.

Volume Twelve:



HAPPY CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS ON THE FARM

“Football, baseball, basketball, track athletics, soccer, checker-playing, tennis, golf, fishing and various other forms of sport—
Hoo-ray!”

“Who are we, who are we, who are we?
GUESS!

“Yale? No; guess again! Harvard? No;
guess again!—MERRIWELL?—YES!”

As the college yell of old Merriwell Hall rang into the crisp winter air, the three Rollo Boys, all dressed up in their mackinaws and galoshes and big fur gloves, set out from the familiar campus to spend the Christmas Holidays on the farm.

Christmas Holidays on the Farm

"Hooray for the Rollo Boys!" shouted the college students.

"Good-by! Good-by!" called Dr. Merriwell. "Don't get run over by the horse cars!"

"Don't take any wooden nickels," retorted Tom Rollo merrily; and the crowd was convulsed with laughter.

Joshua Gooseberry, the Rollos' hired man, met them in the carry-all at Maple Run, to drive them out to Willow Brook Farm. "Well, Mr. Tom," he grinned, "I guess you'll be the death of me this vacation, I guess." Poor Joshua had often been the victim of Tom's "pranks" in the past.*

Meantime the fun-loving Rollo had removed the axles from the carry-all, and filled the hubs with butter; and at this remark of Joshua's he winked in a manner that set Harry to roaring.

And sure enough, as the big carry-all reached the top of the hill off came all four

* See the "Ground-Glass-in-Soup" Prank, Vol. 49, page 21; the "Kicked-by-Jackass" Prank, Vol. 57, page 3; and the "Tar-and-Feather" Prank, Vol. 79, page 114.

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

wheels with a bump! and Joshua and the three Rollo Boys pitched headlong downhill. The brothers could not help but laugh merrily to see how completely the gullible hired-man had been "taken in" by Tom's prank. "Dear me, Mr. Tom, you'll be the death of me yet," moaned Joshua, as he crawled out of a thorn-bush and started to collect the pieces of the carry-all. Yet with it all he could not help but like the boy, Tom had such curly brown hair and sparkling eyes.

"Hooray for the Rollo Boys!" called the farmers.

"Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!" echoed Aunt Emma and Uncle Ralph, as the boys drove up to the farm and sat down to a steaming hot meal.

"Well, Tom, are you over the sleeping sickness, as related in 'The Rover Boys in Congress'?" inquired Aunt Emma solicitously.

Christmas Eve saw "big doings" on the farm. The three boys had over the three girls (the same three as last book) and after fun cracking nuts, in which *more* fingers were



"DEAR ME, MR. TOM, YOU'LL BE THE DEATH OF ME YET,"
MOANED JOSHUA, AS HE CRAWLED OUT OF THE THORN-
BUSH.

Christmas Holidays on the Farm

mashed, they hung up their stockings. They had each brought an extra pair, so there was nothing indecent.

"Now watch for Santa Claus!" said Aunt Emma.

"It's Uncle Ralph!" whispered Harry. "He's coming down the chimney."

Tom Rollo grinned, because he felt a prank coming on. He left the room hurriedly.

A moment later who should appear but the fun-loving Rollo leading his uncle across the front lawn. Inasmuch as it was dark, and the Santa Claus whiskers had gotten into his eyes anyway, Uncle Ralph couldn't see very well. Tom led him to the big well in the front yard.

"Here's the chimney, Mr. Santa Claus," he said in a disguised voice. "Now crawl down."

So Uncle Ralph did; and at the distant thud and faint splash, the young folks could hold themselves in no longer.

"Such a joke on Uncle Ralph!" shouted Harry.

"Tom, what *will* you do next?" moaned Aunt Emma, wiping her eyes and taking a

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

long drink of cider. "Hooray!" she added weakly as she tasted the arsenic Tom had cleverly added.

"Three rousing cheers for the Rollo Boys!" shouted the three girls. The cheers were given with a will; and the contents of that will, and how it led to the discovery of their missing godfather who had been stranded for years on a New York Safety Zone, will be related in the next book of this series, entitled: "The Rollo Boys in the Psychopathic Ward; or, How Tom Bought a Radio." And here let us say Good-by.

Good-by.

Volume Thirteen:



THE ROLLO BOYS IN FLORIDA

"Well, well, well," said Harry Rollo, and his tone evinced interest.

"Three wells make a river!" came back Tom merrily, and all the Rollo Boys and their friends had a great laugh over it. Tom was like a steel trap sometimes.

"I see by the papers," read Harry, "that Elsie Dinsmore has been kidnapped. Can you beat it?"

"Well, well," evinced Dick with interest.

"Pretty well, how are you?" fired back Tom, and they all laughed till they were fit for tears.

"But all fooling aside," mused Dick, "I wonder where she was kidnapped to?"

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

The boys all knit their brows except Harry, who had skipped kindergarten and never learned to knit.

"I have an idea," cried Tom suddenly. He seized the preceding volume of the Rollo Boys Series; and, turning the pages rapidly to the last chapter, he read aloud: ". . . 'and how Prof. Persimmons kidnapped Elsie Dinsmore and how he took her to Florida in his houseboat, will all be related in the next volume of this series, entitled: 'The Rollo Boys in Hot Pursuit'' . . ."

"So he has taken her to Florida in a houseboat," hissed Dick, which was no mean feat in itself. "We must rescue her," he added, his eyes flashing. "Follow me."

CHAPTER NINETY-SIX:

"Ssssh, Harry!"

"Be quiet, Tom!"

"If you make a sound we'll be discovered, Dick!"

Silently the three aeroplanes alighted on

The Rollo Boys in Florida

the deck of the houseboat and the Rollo Boys tiptoed out. "Scatter in all directions," ordered Dick. "One man to a direction."



"MALEFACTORS!" HE SNEERED,
"I SHALL DEAL SUMMARILY WITH
YOU!"

"Prof. Persimmons is in his cabin," whispered Harry. "The coast is clear."

So saying, the boys hurriedly unpacked a

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

number of mysterious boxes from their aeroplanes. These they stowed in the hold of the houseboat, down the smokestack, under the beds, inside the galley and up the poop. When they had finished, they gathered outside the cabin.

"Come out, come out, wherever you are!" they shouted. "I spy Prof. Persimmons."

White-faced and trembling with rage, the sour instructor rushed on deck. "Malefactors!" he sneered, "I shall deal summarily with you!" So sneering, he pointed a small cannon at them and struck a match.

"Stop!" said Tom. "Your hold is filled with cases of rum! One cannon-ball from yonder weapon, and we shall summon the revenue-cutter which lies just ahead and have you arrested as a rum-runner!"

"Foiled!" cursed Prof. Persimmons, glancing into the hold and seeing that Tom spoke the truth. "And I don't drink, either."

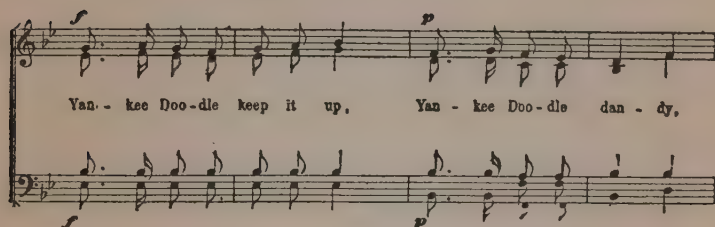
"Professor Persimmons is a disgrace to Merriwell Hall," complained Harry. "He ought to be fired."



"THREE CHEERS FOR THE ROLLO BOYS!" SHOUTED THE SAILORS
OF THE BATTLESHIP *Oregon*.

The Rollo Boys in Florida

So they loaded Prof. Persimmons into his own cannon and fired him. "I loaded his pockets with his ten favorite books," added Tom thoughtfully, as the erstwhile professor sped through the air, "in case he should land on a desert island."



So piping the familiar strains of "Yankee Doodle," what should steam through the fog but the battleship *Oregon*, with all the sailors waving their white hats in the air and cheering lustily.

"My boy, you have captured a rum-runner," said the Captain of the *Oregon* to Tom Rollo. "Here is a million dollars' reward!" And then Tom just had to laugh, because the rum hadn't cost him over \$18 a case.

"Three rousing cheers for the Rollo Boys!"

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

shouted the sailors of the battleship *Oregon*, waving their white hats in the air and cheering lustily.

The cheers were given with a will; and the contents of that will, and how it affected the fortunes, not only of the Rollo Boys, but also of their missing great-grandfather, who had been lost for years filling out an Income Tax Blank, will be related in the next volume of this series, entitled: "The Rollo Boys at their Brother's Funeral; or, How Tom Learned to Play the Saxophone." And here let us say Good-by.

Good-by.



A MERRY ROMP AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

"Winter is here!" cried Harry, bounding out of bed with a cheer.

"Where?" came back Tom merrily.

"In the pig's eye!" replied Harry, playfully ramming a large handful of snow down his brother's pajamas. Tom retaliated by pitching him through the window into a drift, and the fun was on.

"Wake up, Dick!" Tom shouted, packing a snow-ball in which he had cleverly concealed a portion of lead-piping. "Let's go skiing!" he added, as he took his brother neatly just behind the ear.

"We ought to study," objected Dick seriously. "We've been here in Merriwell Hall now for twenty-eight years, as related in the

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

Rollo Boys Series, Volumes 1-367. It's time we buckled down and graduated."

"If we graduate it will stop the series," said Tom merrily, and he strapped on his



"THREE TO GET SET, AND FOUR TO GO!" SHOUTED DR. MERRIWELL.

snow-shoes and ice-skates and skis and led the chase to the mountain-top, where the other cadets were already assembled.

"One to make ready, two for a show,

Three to get set, and four to go!" shouted Dr. Merriwell.

A Merry Romp and Its Consequences

Owing to a taut piece of wire which Tom had cleverly stretched part way across the path, the Rollo Boys soon outdistanced their rivals. As they catapulted amid flying snow-crystals and rushing trees and boulders, they found themselves skiing rapidly down a long, dull, descriptive paragraph, when suddenly crash! they shot through a window and brought up against a stone fireplace.

"We opened the window and influenza!" said Tom the irrepressible, removing a frame of broken glass from about his neck.

"But why the stone fireplace?" puzzled Harry, who was not very quick.

"That's just to make it harder!" fired back Tom merrily.

"Hark!" harked Dick. "Do you hear anything?"

They listened carefully. From the next room came the sound of smashing and shouting, followed by gunshots and several blows as from a blunt instrument, like a Boy Scout Knife.

"Is anybody there?" shouted Dick.

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

"They ain't nobody 'ceptin' us chickens," came the ready answer.

"Then it must have been those two other fellows," said Dick, and was about to leave when he noticed that both Tom and Harry had disappeared. "Something is wrong!" he decided; and just then someone hit him on the head and he knew no more, in fact not as much.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX:

"Tom! Harry!"

"Dick! Tom!"

"Harry! Dick!"

Dick made a rapid computation. "We are all here!" he finally decided, and removed his blindfold. Pop! pop! went his eyes at what he saw; for there in the room, tied and bound, were Elsie Dinsmore and Nettie and Dotty Dimple, Dr. Merriwell, Uncle Ralph, and several other characters you would recognize in an instant if I named them.

"It's that horrid Ben Barsted," explained Elsie. "He captured us."

A Merry Romp and Its Consequences

"This is his counterfeiter's den," explained Nettie, pointing to the heaps of five-dollar gold pieces on the floor with Ben Barsted's initials on them.

"He has set the woods on fire," explained Dotty. "Save us!"

The roaring wind bore the flames down upon the old farmhouse and the place seemed doomed, when Tom suddenly had an idea. Doffing his coat, he ran to the roof and climbed the steeple. There he seized the weather-vane in both hands and turned it in the nick of time, deflecting the wind and saving the house from the onrushing flames.

"Hurrah for the Rollo Boys!" cried Elsie. "They're all right!"

"WHO'S all right?" shouted the rest.

But the answer to this question and many others, including where to park your car in the theatrical district and how's your uncle, will not be disclosed until the next volume of this series, to be entitled: "The Rollo Boys in Brooklyn; or, How Tom Escaped from the Nordics." And here let us say Good-by.

Good-by.

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YE ROLLO LADS IN YE REVOLUTION
OR: TOM ROLLO'S FIRST PRANK

(*Editor's Note:* Although the fact is not generally known, the 150th anniversary of the Revolution coincides, oddly enough, with the appearance of the 150th volume of the Rollo Boys Series for Young Americans. The first volume, entitled: "Ye Rollo Lads Win Ye War," was first heard round the world on exactly the 19th day of April, 1775. In order to celebrate these two significant events in the history of our country, we have reprinted the original Rollo Boy Book just as it was written.)

"Prithee, Harold!"

"Whither, Richard?"

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Ye Rollo Lads in Ye Revolution

"What ho, Thomas, whence?"

"As our readers know by now," explained Dick, "we have come to Harvard to start the 'Rollo Lads Series for Young Colonials.' We are the three Rollo Lads, and we are known for our happy dispositions and funny faces—"

"Whaddye mean, funny faces?" demanded Tom.

"Sunny faces," corrected Dick. "These old-fashioned S's look like F's, and fometimes I get consufed."

"Hurrray for ye Rollo lads," interrupted the minute-men, waving their three-cornered hats in the air and cheering lustily.

"I see by the gazettes," quoth Harry, "that the British have put a tax on tea."

"They can go sit on the tax," retorted Tom like a hawk, and everyone laughed merrily.

"But taxation without representation is tyranny," objected Dick seriously.

"Wait! I have an idea," whispered Tom with a twinkle in his eye; and soon his brothers were laughing merrily.

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

CHAPTER EIGHTY-TWO:

"Wheel!"

"Yowee!"

"Whoops, I'm an Indian!"

So whooping, a band of naked savages clambered up the sides of the British ships anchored in the Boston harbor.

"Stop!" cried the British admiral. "Or I'll burn the city of Boston!"

"You can't burn the city of Boston," cried the chief of the Indians.

"Why can't I burn the city of Boston?" demanded the admiral.

"Because, according to history, the city of Boston was never burned!"

"Foiled!" cursed the admiral; and then, while the band played the "Star-Spangled Banner," the Indians commenced to hurl the tea into the harbor. As the last cup and saucer disappeared over the edge, the chief of the Indians wiped off the grease-paint from his face.

"Tom Rollo!" gasped the British admiral,



"STOP!" CRIED THE BRITISH ADMIRAL. "OR I'LL BURN THE
CITY OF BOSTON!"

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Ye Rollo Lads in Ye Revolution

and then smiled in spite of himself. "Gee, what a prank!"

"Three rousing cheers for ye Rollo lads!" shouted the minute-men, waving their three-cornered hats in the air and cheering lustily.

But what King George had to say, and how Tom Rollo, disguised as Paul Revere, made the famous ride from Boston to Concord, will all be related in the next volume of this series, entitled: "The Rollo Boys at Bunker Hill; or, How Tom Carved his Initials on the Monument." And here let us say Good-by.

Good-by.

Third Cheer!!!

THE ROLLO BOYS IN LITERATURE



THE ROLLO BOYS LOST IN THE CURWOOD;
OR, TRACKING THROUGH GOD'S COUNTRY
FOR THE WOMAN

"Where is Harry?" exclaimed a brown-eyed, curly-haired youth of nineteen, as he gazed in dismay at the impenetrable forest, extending further than the eye could reach.

"I don't know," replied Harry, a sturdy youth of eighteen summers. "Where is Dick?"

"I don't know," replied Dick, the eldest of the trio as well as their senior in years. "Where is Tom?"

"That's what I was trying to find out," replied the brown-haired, curly-eyed youth. "We are the three Rollo Boys," he explained, "and we are lost in the midst of this interminable wilderness."

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"What shall we do?" queried Harry.

"Let's go off on a lark," returned the fun-loving Rollo merrily; and, suiting the action to the word, he mounted the twittering bird and flew to the topmost branches of a high tree, from which point he gazed about him in all directions. "We are surrounded by a jungle of words," he read, "reaching beyond the rim of civilization itself, extending on and on in a vast descriptive paragraph, boundless, endless, meaningless . . . stretching on all sides . . . stretching . . . and yawning. . . ."

"Hark!" harked Dick suddenly.

Now from the distance they made out a sharp, metallic tap! tap! tap! Yet again it rang through the forest—tap! tap! tap!

"Follow me!" cried Dick desperately;
and shoulder- *words, words, words,*
ing his knapsack, *words, words,*
he led his brothers *words,*
single file through the
words, trackless waste of
words, words, words in the direction
words, words, words, of the sound,

Rollo Boys Lost in the Curwood

till they emerged from the description in the nick of time, and sank exhausted on the period.

"Tap! tap! tap!" came from the clearing before them, where sat a large, middle-aged gentleman, dressed in the uniform of a Royal Northwest Mounted Policeman, hammering busily on a portable typewriter propped up before him on a stump. As the huge muscles bulged on his bronze forehead, tree after tree of the great North Woods fell before him; while with each successive tap! the strokes of his massive forefinger steadily laid waste page after page of God's great out-of-doors.

"James Oliver Curwood!" ejaculated Dick in amazement. "I *thought* I'd read this forest before somewhere!" he murmured.

"Oh, it's the same old forest," sighed Mr. Curwood, pushing back his green eye-shade and lighting a cigar sadly. "I used it in 'River's End' and 'God's Country' and all the rest of them—curse its treacherous heart!" he cried, "curse the black mystery of it, the slum-

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

bering hidden secrets which it presses close to its bosom, the immutability of its midnight depths, the—”

“We’ve come to help you out,” offered Dick generously.

“Hurray for the Rollo Boys!” burst Mr. Curwood gratefully, tossing his description in the air and cheering lustily. “Well, Boys, something terrible has happened,” he began. “It’s a long story—”

“That’s the trouble when you’re paid space,” put in Tom merrily; and even Mr. Curwood had to snicker a little at that one. Tom’s ready wit had already made quite a name for him in one way or another, chiefly the latter.

“We had reached the next to the last chapter, Marette and I,” continued Mr. Curwood. “There was no time to lose; the man-hunters were on my track, I could not explain my plot to them or it would spoil the story. We had no choice. We set off together—Marette and I—” his voice broke, and he sharpened it again in silence—“off through the impenetra-

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ble forest, reaching beyond the rim of civilization itself, extending on and on—”

“I know,” interrupted Dick. “We’ve just been through all that ourselves.”

“And there,” sobbed Mr. Curwood, “there it happened. Somewhere in that interminable description, somewhere in that endless tangle of sentences and phrases through which no man can ever hope to make his way—somewhere in that hopeless mess of words—I lost Murette!”

For some moments after his amazing confession there was a dead silence. The tragedy of it!—to have been so near the final chapter, with relief for the reader almost in sight—and then—*he lost Murette!* There was no getting around it. *He lost Murette!* You could put it backwards and say that *Murette lost he*, but the idea would be there just the same. Even if you turned your head on one side and half shut your eyes, or bent over and looked at it upside down between your legs, you would admit it sooner or later. *jeHreW 1201 eH*

“Tell me, old pal,” Dick asked huskily,

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leaning forward so that in both his hands he held one of Mr. Curwood's. "Where did you—lose her?"

"There," sobbed Mr. Curwood, pointing to his typewriter. "Oh, I've looked everywhere since. I've rewritten every inch of forest; I've combed God's country for that Woman. My Murette—" And a dry sob rose in his throat like a great fist, like somebody's knee, perhaps like a man named Francis J. Heeberts sitting down; and Dick's hands gripped closer. "We shall help you find her," he whispered hoarsely. "Take it from me,—Cur!"

CHAPTER SEVEN:

But how? How? The Rollo Boys all bit their lips except Harry, who had been promised that five dollar gold piece if he didn't bite his lip until he was twenty-one.

"I've got it!" exclaimed Tom suddenly, leaping to his feet in his excitement. "If the heroine is lost somewhere between the first

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and last chapters, we can simply trail her back through the intervening chapters till we find her again!"



"IF THE HEROINE IS LOST SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THE FIRST AND LAST CHAPTERS, WE CAN SIMPLY TRAIL HER BACK THROUGH THE INTERVENING CHAPTERS TILL WE FIND HER AGAIN."

"Hurrray!" shouted Mr. Curwood enthusiastically; and, donning the costumes of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, the Rollo Boys set out to get their Woman.

"Can you describe the girl, sir?" requested Tom, taking out his notebook and listening attentively.

Three Rousing Cheers for Rollo Boys

"Marette—" Mr. Curwood leaned back dreamily and lit his cigar again—"I can see her now—those velvety, shimmering, sable coils—those glorious, smothering, raven curls—they fell about her in wet, shining masses, they clung to her face, her neck, her shoulders, her knees, her ankles, they spread over the floor, they climbed the trellis outside the house and bumble-bees flitted in and out amid the blooms, and at night we would walk beneath the overhanging bower—Marette and I! Ah, the scent of those sable locks—"

"Thank you," said Tom, closing his notebook politely. "I'd recognize her in a minute," he added, as they started up the rear of the preceding chapter.

CHAPTER SIX:

Up the steep mountain-side of ice and snow crawled the three Rollo Boys and Mr. Curwood, who crept on his hands and knees, his head forward, his nostrils distended with the thrill of the chase, sniffing eagerly, tracking



ELWYN
WILLIAMS

BEHIND THEM FOR MILES EXTENDED THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW.

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Marette by the scent of her hair. Now he would seize a strand of sable lock from a bank of snow where it had fallen, press it to his lips, enter the number and length in a small note-book, and then throw it away again.

"Ah, that perfume-whose-name-I-shall-never-know!" he breathed, as he pressed on through the novel in search of the next hair.

And behind them for miles extended the long arm of the law on its hands and knees, creeping, sniffing, examining each successive hair, making a note of it and passing on again, as they followed the Rollo Boys and Mr. Curwood up the hill. Suddenly Dick Rollo sprang forward with a cry, and picked up the fragments of a broken bottle from the snow. "Marette's!" he said, noting her name on the tag.

"Poison?" hissed Mr. Curwood, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"No; Herpicide," read Dick from the label. "'Good for Falling Hair.'"

Swiftly Mr. Curwood pressed the broken glass to his nostrils. "That scent!" he cried,

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sniffing eagerly. "I have traced it at last!" And without further ado, he ran swiftly toward the preceding chapter, with the Rollo Boys in hot pursuit.

CHAPTER FIVE:

"Hark! What is that rumbling sound?" exclaimed Tom suddenly, as they entered the rear of the Fifth Chapter and rushed forward in the direction of the sound. To their utter amazement they discovered a gigantic landslide of rocks and dirt retreating rapidly backward up the side of the mountain with a terrible roar, while trees and shrubs sprang up in its wake. As the roar dwindled and the dirt settled down quietly into place at the tops of the crag, the entire mountainside gradually resumed its former appearance.

"Well, I'm glad that slide is over," heaved Dick with a sigh of relief.

"It isn't over," sighed Mr. Curwood, as they continued on their way toward the front of the book. "It hasn't even begun yet."

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"Why, we might have been killed," gasped Harry.

"You *were* killed," replied Mr. Curwood sadly. "That was my climax," he sighed, as they continued toward Chapter Four.

CHAPTER FOUR:

"Tom! Dick!" cried Harry, as he entered the last paragraph of Chapter Four, and halted in astonishment. "Look at the dead bear!"

"Not a moment too soon," remarked Mr. Curwood, as he cleaned the smoking barrel of his revolver.

"But you haven't shot him yet!" cried Dick in bewilderment.

Curwood had not moved. He was like one petrified. His hands had tightened about the gun until they were bloodless. His lips were parted. He was breathing quickly; but he did not smile. And as he stood there, uttering no word, for once, the demands of that vast responsibility that had fallen upon him and of

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the great fight that lay ahead pounded within him like naked fists.

Bang! went his gun; and then, so suddenly that he startled himself, he fired—and pulled the trigger.

Slowly the bulk of that great brute in the snow stirred, as it regained its feet, its flanks heaving, and, staggering, it trotted backwards into the forest ahead and was lost to view. And again they set out through the snow, which slowly drifted upwards toward the sky in large flakes, gradually leaving the ground bare as they plodded toward the chapter before this one.

CHAPTER THREE:

Below them, flooded in the illusive sun-mist, beside a shimmering brook and close to the shore of the lake, yet equally near the base of the mountain on which they were standing, combining surf bathing with mountain climbing and only a ten-minute walk from the station, there stood in this fertile valley a tiny

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bungalow—alone (a. & adv.) empty, solitary, deserted; without company. 2. Only; solely.

Suddenly backwards from that door rushed twelve Royal Northwest Mounted Police-men; backwards, nor turning their heads, they disappeared into the forest. There was silence. Then the door slammed again, and from the bungalow trotted a man and girl, running backwards in the direction of their disappearing pursuers.

"The Police are after them," explained Mr. Curwood, as the retreating couple greeted each other and rushed away in opposite directions.

"Marette!" called the man as he disappeared, "where are you?"

Slowly the sun sank in the East.

CHAPTER TWO:

As they drew nearer the second chapter, the Rollo Boys and Mr. Curwood grew conscious of a dull, droning murmur, like a descriptive paragraph, a sound that with each

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step grew into a more distinct, cataract-like roar. It was the River. But Mr. Curwood did not dread it. It was *his* River; he had written it; it belonged to him. It grew in his ears, in his imagination. In it there was the clink of cracked ice, the hiss of vichy water; sprigs of mint and sliced lemon sped by on the swift current, and there was over all the faint aroma of orange-blossoms. And he cried out in a great hope. For it was here he had lost—Marette!

“Marette—my little goddess—”

The rocks of the Lower Passage rose in his way, as the swift current carried him upstream, past them, beating like living things, tormenting, destroying. A wall of froth—he caught a glimpse of Marette’s hair, then a white arm—thirty—twenty—ten feet ahead of him. In less time than it takes to tell, which is some comfort, her white body shot towards him, her hands grasped the rock—the buckskin thong held!

“We must jump for it!” he cried. He could not lose! It was inconceivable! Im-

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possible! In a Curwood novel, anyway. And while the Rollo Boys stared in astonishment, there floated toward them the cracked and broken carcass of the boat. Under Mr. Curwood's feet it assembled, and floated upstream toward the head of the channel—toward Athabasca Landing—and safety.

Mr. Curwood grasped Marette, and their lips met in a lingering embrace—warm, living, breathing lips. Then slowly her hand reached up and touched his face. "Jeems," she said, and there was a little tremble in her voice, "you may—kiss me, Jeems."

CHAPTER ONE:

Now familiar paragraphs, sentences and phrases loomed up out of the mist and sped past them as they advanced backwards; and he recognized the first chapter at last. In his arms lay the woman; her hair was in his eyes, his nose, his mouth, as she repeated: "Jeems—Jeems—"

"No wonder I lost her," grumbled Mr.

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Curwood, as the Rollo Boys panted up to join him. "Her hair was falling—too late for Herpicide—and in the last chapter—" his voice faltered—"she had it bobbed!"

"Kiss me, Jeems—my Jeems—and take me away—"

"Where?" cried Mr. Curwood, seizing his typewriter and glancing about.

"To the Valley of Silent Men!" suggested Tom Rollo merrily; and Mr. Curwood tossed his typewriter into the Athabasca River and agreed enthusiastically.

"Three rousing cheers for the Rollo Boys!" sighed the relieved Royal Northwest Mounted Policemen.

The cheers were given with a will; but the contents of that will, and how it affected the fortunes, not only of our young heroes, but also of the author and his publishers, will all be related in the next volume of this series, to be entitled: "The Rollo Boys Among the Privateers; or, How Sabatini Came to Cape Cod."

And here let us say Good-by.

Good-by.

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Volume Seventeen:



THE ROLLO BOYS AMONG THE PRIVATEERS; OR, HOW SABATINI CAME TO CAPE COD

"Wal, Tom," sighed Cap'n Dick, glancing out the window of the quaint tumbled-down sea-chanty, on the shore of Cape Cod, "I cal'late we're in fer a bad spell, fer sartin."

"Thet thar's the trouble with a Cape Cod novel," sighed Cap'n Tom, as he buckled his sou'wester about his neck. "It's all writ in dialect."

"Where in tunket is my terbacker?" grumbled Cap'n Harry, as he felt through his pock-ets. "Terbacker," he observed with homely philosophy, "is like matrimony, you never know where you put it."

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"There's your terbacker on the mantel," said Cap'n Dick.

"I don't want no terbacker," replied Cap'n Harry sharply, "I jest wanted to git off that piece o' homely philosophy. Philosophy," he remarked, "is like Christmas, it comes on Monday." And the two Captains nodded at the sage counsel of the old whaler.

The three Rollo Boys were seated, quietly cleaning fish in the parlor; and the tiny room was decidedly shiplike, with the dust-covered lifeboat hung on the wall, the spray of dead fish tucked over the clock, and the six inches or so of salt water that washed now and then across the floor. Cap'n Dick lazily spat into the stove, provided there had been one.

"I seen Ben Barsted in front of his pool-parlor, smokin' a big black cigar," he observed. "I wonder what's behind it?"

"His face," retorted fun-loving Tom like a whip; and his brothers sniggered at the crude Yankee wit, and laughingly murmured: "Oh, belay there!"

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"He's been smokin' an awful lot o' cigars lately," observed Cap'n Harry.

"He ought to buy a better brand, then," returned Cap'n Tom, and did two dance steps and off, followed by the "Five Fraternellis and their Trained Seals."

"Ol' Skipper Jo Lincoln daown ter taown was a-wonderin' where in tunket he gits his money," continued Cap'n Dick. "Sez as ter haow he must be smugglin' lickier to the boys."

"Licker is like women," observed Cap'n Harry, "now you do and now you don't, but more often it's snowing." And his companions smiled at this shrewd observation.

"Godfrey mighty!" ejaculated Dick suddenly, staring out the window. "I snum ef it ain't ol' Jo Lincoln now, headin' straight fer our port bow with a cargo o' gabble!"

"Wal, they say it sells," murmured Cap'n Tom.

"Talk," ventured Cap'n Harry, "is like vegetable soup, I sometimes think, a lot goes in and mostly spaghetti."

"Set daown, Skipper Lincoln, set daown,"

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offered Cap'n Tom, as the excited author entered and flung himself down in the proffered armchair, just as Tom pulled it out from under him. As the visitor landed on the floor with a crash, fun-loving Tom laughed merrily. Tom had sparkling brown hair and curly eyes, and an ugly scar on his forehead, where he had tried the same trick once on a policeman.

"I've discovered the plot at last!" gasped the author, his eyes aglow with excitement. "Where are your binoculars?"

"My bin-*what*-ulars?" asked Cap'n Tom with a wink, and all over the house people could be heard giggling and repeating "Bin-*what*-ulars!" under their breath, and several little girls had to be carried up the aisle in hysterics.

"Look thar!" shouted Skipper Lincoln.

In great excitement the three Rollo Boys crowded about the little window and peered across the water. Far out on the horizon rode an enormous masted galley, of fifty oars, yellow, horizontal, standing out like the pinions of some gigantic bird of hell, while above the



"LOOK THAR," SHOUTED SKIPPER LINCOLN.

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ship circled a flock of sea-gulls, noisome, insolent, screaming: "Nyah! Nyah!" in the limp summer air, soft as lush, and floating out the standard, of crimson charged with a green serpent, against the heavens, blue as cobalt, that is, the heavens, like a leashed hound, I mean, the ship, comma, waiting, comma, poised, comma, ready, stop.

"Godfrey Domino!" gasped Cap'n Dick. "What manner o' craft mought *that* be?"

"Wal, it has four quarts," counted Cap'n Tom, peering through the binoculars, "so it must be a galleon."

"I thought four quarts made half a peck," said Cap'n Harry, figuring rapidly on his cuff.

"Not in liquid measure," retorted his brother sternly; and, spying a small boat heading toward them, the Rollo Boys ran toward the shore.

CHAPTER SEVEN:

It is set forth in the chronicles of Lord Henry Goade, how, as the slim galley drew up on the beach, the leader in the prow barked

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out a single word in Arabic: "&" and a half-dozen of his supple blackamoors leaped like greyhounds onto the white sand. Himself he stood forward at the head of that legion of brown-skinned men, and the company in amazement considered this turbaned giant with the masterful face tanned to the color of mahogany, the hawk-nosed beard, the deep Herculean torso glittering like steel under his black brows shod in Moorish shoes of crimson leather with jeweled hilts and agate-eyed.

"Rafael Sabatini!" gasped Joseph Lincoln.

"Not Sabatini," came the answer, "but Kerem-el-Bahr, the scourge of literature, the terror of novelists, the desperate best-seller which your copyrights, royalties and contracts have made out of a sometime Italian gentleman." He embraced them all in his denunciatory gesture. "Behold me here with my 'Sea-Hawk' to collect a reckoning long overdue."

"Godfrey mighty, Rafael," murmured Joseph Lincoln, stroking his chin. "Hev you gone in fer American rights?"

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Sabatini shrugged. "A novelist must live," he said. "But I dally. Have out upon it, then, and fetch me yon Ben Barsted, for I wouldst make delivery."

"Wal, now, Rafael," said Mr. Lincoln slowly, "we don't allow no sech stuff on Cape Cod, and that's a fact. You see, Rafe, my folks is full of the sea-salt and sterling true qualities, coupled with a lively plot that provides excellent scope for the author's kindly, shrewd, infectious humor, two dollars net."

"Soho!" crowed Sabatini, "'swounds! an' at last the sun of truth doth peep forth from all this cloud of righteous indignation at my foreign ways. You resent my intrusion into Cape Cod, sirrah! You would maintain the field alone!" His lip curled in cold contempt. "But you cannot touch me, i' faith, for I lie outside the three-mile limit!" And like lightning itself he seized the fainting form of Elsie Dinsmore who stood hard by, no man raising now so much as a finger to hinder, while Kerem-el-Bahr ran as lightly as

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though the swooning woman he bore were a feather in his hat, probably from Princeton, till they stood fairly away and gained the ship at length. Himself he lay under the stars that night in the season of the year and thought of this and that, mainly that.

CHAPTER NINETEEN:

“All hands on deck, there! Turn out!”

“Come-Outers to the rescue!”

Down the main street of Orham toward the shore trotted the crowd of religious worshippers, snatching at shovels, rakes and buckets as they ran, while in the lead sped the three Rollo Boys and Mr. Lincoln.

“Follow me!” cried Cap’n Tom; and, seizing a bucket of sand, he tossed it merrily into the ocean. At once the band of Come-Outers followed suit; and as bucketful after bucketful poured into the ocean, slowly but surely the shore line began to extend on out into the bay. . . .

“Hallelujah for the Rollo Boys!” shouted

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the Come-Outers, tossing their sand into the ocean and cheering fervidly.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE:

At this point my Lord Henry Goade narrates that aboard the Moorish galleon there did break forth a terrible cry, and trumpets blared and drums beat on the poop; for towards them like a monster of the deep came a flat-bottomed dory, leaping from crest to crest like a hurdler, wherein there were four, all oil-skin clad and with raised harpoons, themselves they stood, and who else for that matter? In morion and corselet the Moslems did arm with calivers and pikes, while gunners sprang to the culverins, and from the slaves came such an piteous groan as the damned in hell might emit. Now the dory's grappling-anchor had seized the *Sea-Hawk* on the larboard quarter, while a withering hail of arrows poured down upon her decks from the Moslem cross-trees, to the thundering cry of "Allillolalalillilllll!" and a dense

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smoke hung abaft the b'lw'rks, right slippery with blood they were, and strewn with the survivors, conquered, defenseless. Himself Kerem-el-Bahr stood forward.



"IN THE HIP POCKET OF THE PIG," TAUNTED
SABATINI.

"We ketched you proper, you tarnation scallawags," cried Skipper Lincoln.

"In the hip pocket of the pig," taunted Sabatini, being by now stirred to a great fury, so writes my Lord Henry. "And prithee, what of't?"

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"Ye're under arrest, by Godfrey," cried Mr. Lincoln.

"Your old man is so," he replied. "Thou'lt hunt the hawk o' the sea? Thou? Thou plump partridge? Away! Hinder me not! Full three miles out am I!" But even as he spoke they did see him wince, and a faint pallor came to o'erspread the full flush of his anger, while all turned their eyes where he gazed to the revenue cutter *Oregon*, which itself steamed over the waters, the sailors waving their white hats in the air, and cheering they were right lustily withal.

"Ye're only two miles out!" laughed Cap'n Tom merrily. "We moved the shore out a mile last night!"

"His hold is full of novels," warned Elsie Dinsmore, breaking from her captors. "He's planning to land his characters on the Cape!"

"Odd's zounds! A pox!" quoth Sabatini, as the Come-Outers broke open the cases of smuggled cargo and tossed the books one by one back into the ocean whence they had been written; while a huge American flag floated

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overhead, propelled by an electric fan in the wings, and the *Oregon* fired a salvo of guns over the patriotic scene. "Marry, I shall have at you in the Movies yet!" he cried; and my Lord Henry tells that here he turned on his heel and, running rapidly into six figures, himself he left his pursuers in his wake entirely as he vanished over the horizon toward Hollywood.

"Three rousing cheers for the Rollo Boys!" cried the sailors of the *Oregon*, waving their white hats in the air and shouting lustily.

The cheers were given with a will; and the contents of that will, and how it affected the fortunes not only of our young heroes, but also of the author and his publishers, will all be related in the next volume of this series, to be entitled: "When a Rollo Boy's a Rollo Boy; or, Virtue Triumphant in Three Weeks."

And here let us say Good-by.

Good-by.

Volume Eighteen:



WHEN A ROLLO BOY'S A ROLLO BOY;
OR, VIRTUE TRIUMPHANT IN THREE WEEKS

There is a land where a man, to be a man, must be a man, if not, why does he wear suspenders; and in this man's land a woman, if she be not a woman, must be a man, or a fine state of things we'd be in, to be sure. And this is the story of how a man's man among men saved a woman from paying the price in full, at a substantial discount, less two per cent. for cash.

It was afternoon. Wearily the Man rode on over the wide, unfenced ranges, through the mountain passes, where the trail doubled and redoubled and bid two spades. Slowly he passed the lonely, deserted ranches toward

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the creeks and flats and valleys of the great open country beyond the rim of civilization itself, to the silent spaces where men are men only there aren't any.

An observer of men would have said that Nature had made this man to be in physical strength, mental fortitude and spiritual prowess a comrade and leader of men—a man's man. An observer of men like that would also undoubtedly refer to him later on as a man among men, and probably live in New Brunswick or else wear yellow spats. You can always tell.

Alone in the hushed bigness of that land the Man walked with his thoughts—brooding perhaps over what had been, or was, or is—dreaming, it may be, over that which might have been or which yet might be—or probably simply filling space. The afternoon was well on its way, pausing now and then to glance back at him over its shoulder. His legs ached under his heavy leather chaps and high-heeled, spur-ornamented boots. He was tired and thirsty and hungry. It was so still

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that he could hear himself think; and so he listened to himself thinking for a while, but he couldn't hear anything. The silence grew oppressive. He wanted to shout, but he had no idea what to shout. He thought of shouting: "Hello!" but this was before the invention of the telephone, and so that would have been silly.

A lone buzzard wheeled over his head, gripping the handlebars for dear life, and was rapidly lost to view.

"Old pard," the Man whispered to his horse, "we're lost." And the old, white-haired horse nodded smiling: "We are hall lost in this world, Mister Patches! Shall I turn hout the reading lamp, sir?"

Darkness closed her sable wings over the lone prairie; and slowly a great fatigue came over him. His head nodded; his eyelids shut. He snored, and his mouth fell open, like a book. The Man was asleep. . . .

Slowly the Man opened his eyes and gazed about him in bewilderment. Surrounding

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him were masses of flowers—roses, big white ones—tuberose— they were under his feet, they were heaped on his knees, they fell from his lap as he sprang to his feet. He bounded up the steps and onto the terrace. He could dimly see the outline of a Woman as she passed into the room beyond, through some heavy pale mauve-orchid curtains. The lights were low, and incense smoked beside a couch at one side of the room. Such a couch! covered with a tiger-skin and piled with pillows, all shades of rich purple velvet and lush silk, embroidered with emeralds and diamonds— lettered “Yale” and “Harvard” and “U. of Western Reserve” and “Memories of Happy Nights Under the Balsams, Woonsocket, R.I.”—the whole thing was different—and strange—and intoxicating.

“I must go,” he struggled; and at once two Nubian slaves named Dmitri and Vasili seized him and bore him three steps nearer.

“My baby—Patches!”

The Woman was reclined at full length along the tiger-skin, garbed in some clinging garment of heavy purple crêpe, its hem em-



"LOOK AT ME," SHE COMMANDED.

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broidered with gold and five-dollar bills, one white arm resting on the beast's hide, her back supported by the cushions, while between her red lips was a rose not redder than they—an almost scarlet rose.

"Come," she said, and her voice was like rich music, "you may sit beside me—here!" And she moved over a little.

"I reckon I got to be runnin' on," he faltered; and then yielded to the soft insistence of Dmitri and Vasili, and landed beside her, picking himself up painfully and dusting off the rouge from his leather chaps. She had not stirred, except to work three fingers which he had slightly crushed when he stepped on them. Her expression was wicked and dangerous—and *provocante*.

"You are beautiful, Patches," she said. "So pure—so tall—so young. Why were you upset just now, baby—Patches?"

He reddened to the roots of his fair, wavy hair, and pointed to his spur which had caught in the rug. "I guess—I fell for you, ma'am," he stammered.

"Look at me," she commanded; and she

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bent forward over him—a gliding, feline movement infinitely sinuous and *attractante*. With a lightning slither she lay on her face, raised her elbows on the tiger's back, and supported her chin in her hands, to the count of one two three and repeat. Perfectly straight out her body was, the twisted purple drapery flowing in graceful lines beyond—like a serpent's tail, sinuous, *insistent*. She flung a velvet pillow at him, and knocked off his glasses.

"Patches—what do you know of lovers—or love?" she laughed, running her fingers through his hair and pulling it out in little yanks. "My baby—Patches!"

* * * * *

'Alone on the balcony he loosened his collar, and mopped his brow reflectively. "On second thought," he decided, "I reckon I'd better stay and reform that there Woman."

CHAPTER NINE:

The Man was up early; and if you were an observer of men, the dark rings under his

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eyes would have meant that he had been thinking deeply, planning the sermons he would preach to her on the morrow. And if you were an observer of men like that, Santa Claus is your uncle.

She advanced slowly down the garden path, her eyes radiant with youth and love, her arms filled with a bunch of fragrant asterisks which she had plucked from the good, rich dirt where they grew in profusion, the tips of their star-shaped petals suffused with a passionate pink glow and exuding at times an almost overpowering odour.

"My Queen—" he began.

"Be young with me," she whispered, "and lie under the blue sky." But she glanced up quickly to see if it were really blue, for she had never been up so early before.

"Virtue will triumph," muttered the Man doggedly, as he followed her.

The elderly horse watched them pass down the walk, and a shadow crossed his kindly old face, and he paused and shook his head; but he made no comment, for he had been in the

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family for years. Gently seizing his hat he tiptoed from the garden, and set off rapidly for "Ye Olde Spynnynghe Wheele Ranche" again.

"Hurray for the Rollo Boys!" he thought to himself as he ran.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN:

A week had passed.

"Patches," said the Woman quietly, "you have taught me much."

He gazed at her intensely. True, she had changed. She now wore a trim tailored coat, with high collars and long sleeves, and heavy Sensible shoes. "You have changed, my Queen," he said, as he took her in his lap to show her how to throw a lariat.

"And you, Patches," she sighed, "you have changed, too. . . ."

Something tickled his ear; he reached up and untangled it from his hair, and stared at it in astonishment.

It was a vine leaf. . . .

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CHAPTER FORTY:

"Wonder what's happened to Patches?" asked Dick Rollo, as he and his brothers were branding cattle at the "Spynnynge Wheele Ranche." "He's been gone a long time."

"He was chasing wild cows," said Harry.

"Perhaps he went off on a bad steer," came back Tom like a hawk, and as his brothers rolled over and over in hysterics, the fun-loving Rollo slyly ran the branding-irons down their necks to make it even funnier. Tom could always see a joke when no one else could.

"Look!" cried Harry suddenly; and over the horizon toward them galloped the faithful, white-haired horse, panting and wiping his forehead with a red handkerchief.

"What is it, Tompson?" asked Dick Rollo, as the elderly steed paused to catch his breath.

"Hit's Master Patches," panted the horse. "'E's been gone just—"

"Three Weeks!" gasped Tom Rollo, exchanging significant glances with his brothers.

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"Pray God we are not too late!" cried Harry, as the Rollo Boys and Tompson set out to the rescue, followed by the cheering cowboys.

CHAPTER TWELVE:

As the Rollo Boys and their followers drew near to the Garden, they halted in amazement at the sight that met their eyes. Down the road with pious eyes downcast advanced a long line of nuns chanting a hymn, while at their head walked—the Woman.

"Virtue has Triumphed!" gasped Dick, as the long line passed out of sight, while the Woman led them appropriately in the chorus of "Abide With Me."

"Master Patches!" gasped the elderly horse weakly. "God forbid!" And the Rollo Boys stared in horror where Tompson pointed.

In one corner of the Garden lay abandoned the heavy leather chaps and high-heeled, spur-ornamented boots; in another was flung the dusty cowboy shirt and lariat. And around

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and around the marble fountain in the center, clad in a leopard skin and uttering piercing bird-cries, danced the ecstatic Patches, pursuing Fauns and pelting them playfully with luscious grapes as they ran.



AROUND THE MARBLE FOUNTAIN, UT-
TERING PIERCING BIRD CRIES, DANCED
THE ECSTATIC PATCHES.

"Patches!" cried the Rollo Boys sternly; and, rushing toward the startled Man, they washed out his mouth with soap-and-water and mounted him on top of Tompson, who shook his head sadly. "Men will be men," muttered the old horse philosophically.

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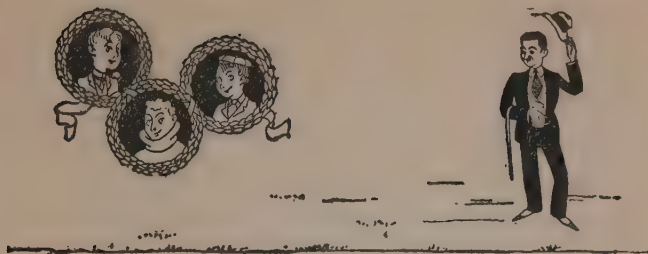
“Three rousing cheers for the Rollo Boys!” shouted the cowboys, tossing their wide-brimmed Stetsons in the air and shouting lustily.

The cheers were given with a will; but the contents of that will, and how it affected the fortunes not only of our young heroes, but also of the author and his publishers, will all be related in the next volume of this Series, to be entitled: “The Rollo Boys with Sherlock in Mayfair; or, Keep it Under Your Green Hat.”

And here let us say Good-by.

Good-by.

Volume Nineteen:



THE ROLLO BOYS WITH SHERLOCK IN MAY- FAIR; OR, KEEP IT UNDER YOUR GREEN HAT

"My dear Rollo Boys," said Sherlock Holmes, as he lounged over the test-tubes in his long purple dressing-gown, his pipe clamped between his teeth and the visor of his detective cap pulled down over his eyes, "I am seeking to ascertain the chemical elements of Purity." He held up two empty test-tubes to the light, shook them, and poured the contents into a glass globe. "I should say they are about two parts of fiction to one of truth," he concluded slowly, examining the glass globe, which was empty, "and the rest merely impotence."

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The three Rollo Boys were seated about the fire in their dressing-gowns, the visors of their detective caps pulled down over their eyes, and their pipes clamped between their teeth. Silence fell over the little room, picking itself up again and rubbing its shins with an ill-concealed oath as it limped through the door.

Outdoors the windows were being washed by an autumnal rain, named Tony.

"You may have wondered that I should have sent for you to come here," said Sherlock Holmes slowly, as he emptied the contents of the globe and stirred the remaining vacuum reflectively. "But perhaps you can tell me what is needed."

"I should say, well, about a pony of brandy," murmured Tom Rollo absently, with one eye on the contents of the globe.

"It is in connection with the strange mystery of the Mayfair Suicides," explained the detective, ignoring the fun-loving Rollo's remark as he drained off the vacuum and threw it away, leaving only the hole in space where the vacuum had been. "You probably read in the *Evening Standard* this morning that

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one 'Boy Fenwick' was found lying in the courtyard of the Hotel Vendôme, dead of a shattered reputation. He had fallen, it appears, from his bedroom window on the third floor. Iris March, his beautiful young wife, had been asleep, had suddenly awoken, if there *is* such a word, to a sharp feeling of solitude, had happened to look out at the dawn. . . ."

"What came next?" gasped Dick Rollo.

"*Four trailing dots!*" hissed Sherlock Holmes, and removed the hole, leaving only the space.

"The Sign of the Four!" cried Harry; and the three Rollo Boys stared at each other in horror. "But why—why—?"

Sherlock shrugged. "'Boy died,' she said, 'for Purity!'" And so saying, he seized the contents of the space where the hole had been which had been left by the vacuum, removed the contents, removed *that*, and held the result up to the light. "I have discovered *Purity!*" he cried.

"But you have nothing there!" ejaculated Tom.

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"Precisely," laughed Sherlock Holmes diabolically, as the door-bell rang. "But if I am not very much mistaken, and I have never been mistaken except in the following cases," naming them, "this is the very lady now of whom we were speaking. It always is," he added by way of explanation, as he drew aside the window curtains and pointed to the long, low, empty battle-chariot before the door, like a huge yellow insect, open as a yacht, it wore a great shining bonnet, as supplied to his Most Catholic Majesty. (*Ed. Note: It was an automobile. Ans.*)

"The lady is tall, not very tall, but short, her face small as a lady's handkerchief provided she hasn't a cold, wearing a light brown leather jacket, and as they would say in the England of long ago—she is fair. To be fair, to be sad . . . why, is she intelligent, too? And always her hair dances a tawny, formal dance . . . may I have the next? I promised Lord Eggleston. But . . . on her cheek, under the shadow of a Green Hat which she wears bravely, *pour le style.*"

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"My God, Sherlock!" cried Dick, amazed by the man's extraordinary powers of deduction, "how can you tell all that?"

"Oh, I read the book," snapped Sherlock Holmes, as the door opened and our visitor entered.

"I've always wanted," said the voice of the Green Hat. One could not see her face, because the full moon does not rise over El Dorado till Thursday. One murmured thus and thus. She murmured: "You know, vaguely. . . ."

"Of course, vaguely," said Sherlock Holmes. She sat in the deep wicker armchair. People named Elmer always sit in deep wicker armchairs. Superficially; but, then, God help us all! "I wonder." Who said that?

"Who said what?"

"I wonder."

"Perhaps you are right," she replied; and her hand smelt dimly of that scent whose name I shall now never know. She too belonged then to the scent-whose-name-I-shall-

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now-never-know School. "Why?" she said. "But, really. . . ."

She looked at him through a pair of opera glasses, upside down, and then she wound her watch, but one did not know. One never knew. Even if one wrote it. . . . Or even why. . . .

"Women," he said, "are—"

"Of course, *women*. But—"

"Then how should I say 'women'—?"

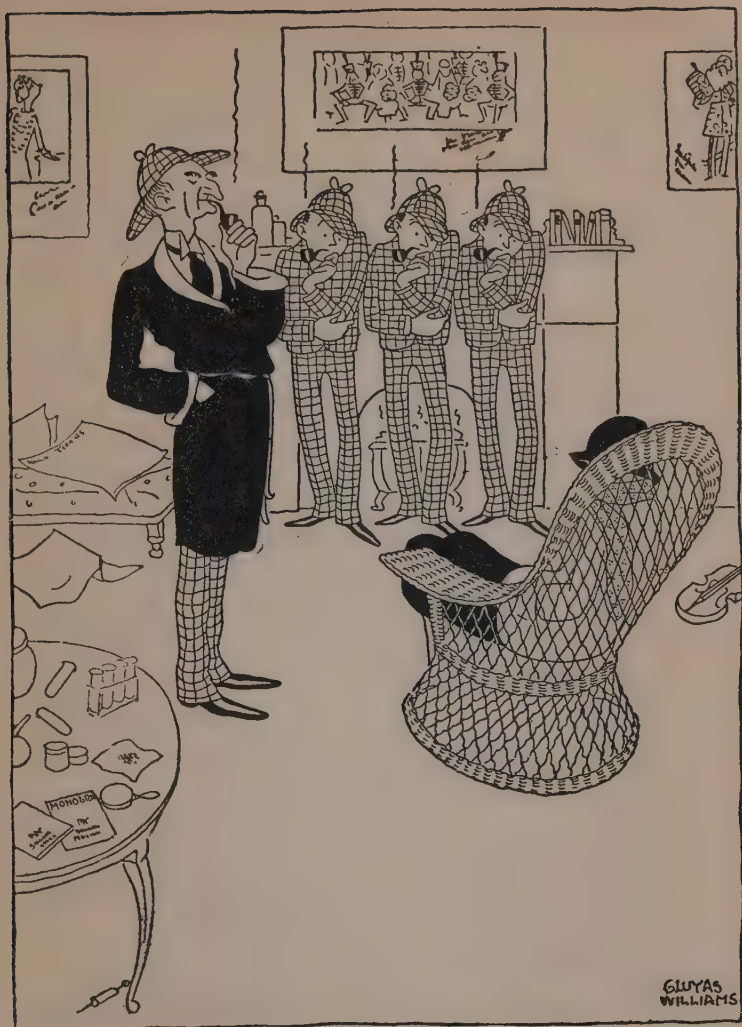
"You should make a dash after them," suggested fun-loving Tom merrily.

"Am I," she cried suddenly, "real? I must know. Am I thus, or else thus? Do I wear this hat for the style (*pour le style*)? Am I—style? *His style?*" She shuddered. "Am I vacuity, or Mencken, or both?" Her eyes were spoonfuls of the Mediterranean. "*Do I exist?*"

The clock struck twelve. What of it?

"You are not a bad woman, Iris March," said Sherlock Holmes kindly. "You are just bad grammar."

Chrysanthemums bloom in September; and



"YOU ARE NOT A BAD WOMAN, IRIS MARCH. YOU ARE JUST BAD GRAMMAR."

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they say that the Americans will "tell the cock-eyed world." Phut! one never knows. People with prominent left ears—*qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?* (what is it that it is that that?)—one prefers turnips.

"Boy died," she said, "for Purity. And there's Gerald. . . ."

"My God! Not Gerald. . . ."

". . . ." she replied, and was gone. Phut!

"The Sign of the Four!" gasped Dick, as the Rollo Boys stared at each other in horror. "We are not a moment too soon!"

"To the rescue!" cried Sherlock Holmes; and, seizing their magnifying glasses, the Rollo Boys set out in hot pursuit.

CHAPTER NINE:

As swiftly as possible (which is not any too gosh-darned swift) the Rollo Boys and Sherlock Holmes advanced down the intricate maze of twisted phrases, similes and winding allusions, trying to find their way through the mystery of Mr. Arlen's style. Now and then

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their eyes watered as a loose adjective whipped their faces; and once Dick caught himself in the nick of time from stepping into a deep insinuation directly in his way. On both sides little by-paths lured them from their main course, but they continued resolutely ahead, reading neither to the right nor to the left. Once a deep chasm between two chapters loomed before them, and they only crossed the gap by grasping at a hidden meaning. Once a break in the narration yawned at their very feet. Once Dick yawned himself. . . .

"Pray God we are not too late!" prayed God Sherlock Holmes as they followed down the trailing dots.to the little group that stood clustered about the open window of Gerald's bedroom, on the third floor of Shepherd's Market.

"It's awful," said one. "You see. . . ."

"Exactly," said the lady of the Green Hat. "And he—"

"Quite," replied one; for Gerald was not. "Gerald died," explained the lady of the

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Green Hat, as Sherlock Holmes and the Rollo Boys arrived at a run and stared at the open window, at the sidewalk below, "for Purity!"

Well! but one can count to ten. You Americans would say: "It is a wow!" She was saying: ". . . and in the heart of the dandelion a tiny little rose." There is one for you. For that matter, there is one for Burbank. "Who?" asked Holmes.

"Hilary . . ." she replied wildly, "and Guy . . . and Napier . . . and old Sir Maurice. . . ."

"The Sign of the Four!" gasped Dick, and the Rollo Boys stared at each other in horror.

"Cripes! all of them?" ejaculated Tom.

"Hark!" cried Sherlock Holmes; and all the Rollo Boys pricked their ears except Harry, who had had his ears pricked by an old Gypsy woman when he was a baby. From afar came the mysterious punctuation: ".".

"S O S!" gasped Holmes, and the Rollo Boys set out in hot pursuit.

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CHAPTER NINE:

There was a rhythm. There was syncopation. It had a beat, like a policeman. Instant, unforgettable, unforgivable, it throbbed like a sore thumb. There were many green dresses: red, blue, pink. The women had white oval faces, small breasts, black eyes, thin arms, and husbands named George. Everyone's husband is named George; and there you are. Or there. I see you, behind the clock. "Quick!" hissed Holmes. The King of Spain was eating salted almonds.

Silently the three Rollo Boys and the detective drew on the red-and-green checkered pants, the bright gold epaulets and cocked hat, the long blue beard and spectacles; and thus completely disguised as head-waiters they wandered unnoticed toward that table . . . (which table? How should I know; listen what he's saying. I know, but mama—Ssssh!)

Hilary said: "Life is, life being what it is, life. . . ."

The Rollo Boys with Sherlock

Sir Maurice started: "We are the damned victims—"

Guy and Napier said nothing. They were somewhere else. They were never in Buffalo either.

"—of a literary style," finished Guy; and Napier said thus and thus.

They walked arm-in-arm to the window. Everyone walks arm-in-arm to the window, or goes to the Boston Symphony and wears dress-shields. "Iris. . . ."

"The Sign of the Four!" croaked Dick, as the Rollo Boys stared at each other, slightly bored as a matter of fact.

"We die," announced the four, standing on the window-sill, ". . . you first, Hilary? After you, Guy. No matter . . . 'for Purity!'" They lit a cigarette. . . .

"We are getting warmer!" gasped Holmes, mopping his brow as the Rollo Boys set out once more in hot pursuit.

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CHAPTER NINE:

"Iris . . ." rose to their lips. "That car's gone mad!" They swept headlong around the corner. "Iris!" Holmes sobbed. "Stop her, Arlen! Stop her! Not that—"

She poised on the sill of the third story window. "I die," she said, "for Purity—"

"For purity of what?" shrieked Tom.

"For purity of grammar," she replied, as she held her nose and jumped. . . . People yelled. . . . The Rollo Boys were on the sidewalk and Holmes stooped and picked up the Green Hat. Beneath it on the sidewalk there was only a great, jagged, dripping stain . . . only a mixed metaphor. . . .

"Michael Arlen!" cried Dick, leaping into the swarm of eager parodists, humorists and newspaper columnists who had already gathered about the nonchalant novelist in their midst. "Wanted for the murder of those Charming People!"

"Not at all," smiled Arlen suavely, as he elbowed his way through the rapidly increas-



"NOT AT ALL," SMILED ARLEN. "THERE HAS BEEN NO
MURDER."

The Rollo Boys with Sherlock

ing crowd of imitators and burlesquers, and set off in the direction of Southampton. "There has been no murder. All good Arlen characters when they die simply go to America!"

"Three rousing cheers for the Rollo Boys!" shouted the relieved citizens of Mayfair, tossing their green hats in the air and cheering lustily. The cheers were given with a will; and the contents of that will, and how it affected the fortunes, not only of our young heroes, but also of the author and his publishers, will all be related in the next volume of this series, to be entitled: "The Rollo Boys Among the Crazy Fools; or, A Parody Outline of Humor."

And here let us say Good-by.

Good-by.



THE ROLLO BOYS AMONG THE CRAZY FOOLS;
OR, A PARODY OUTLINE OF HUMOR

This is a story about three crazy fools named Dick Rollo and Tom Rollo and Harry Rollo, who inherited an insane asylum from their uncle, Mr. Stewart.

Mr. Benchley was in the insane asylum, and Mr. Leacock, and Mr. Rogers and Mr. Marquis and Mr. Milne, and a humorist who part of the time was Mr. Lardner and part of the time a Mr. H. C. Witwer of New York, although he didn't use the same names for his characters always.

When they inherited the asylum the Rollo Boys were living in an impressive building called Merriwell Hall, where they had come

Rollo Boys Among the Crazy Fools

during the Spanish American War and remained ever since, making their total age 14, including the fact that there were three of them and they seemed to get younger every year. They had never gone to college, although Dick Rollo had been through Columbia once on a sight-seeing bus, but outside of that they had never had any education to speak of, although they often did.

"We are the three Rollo Boys," Tom Rollo would say over and over again for the 568th time, "and since we have come to Merriwell Hall we have had many numerous adventures, so many in fact that they can scarcely be hinted at here, as related in full in the list on the back cover!" and then he would bite off the end of his cigar and place it in his change-pocket, because he always bit off the ends of cigars and placed them in his change-pocket, to save to smoke in a pipe. He also saved theater-stubs, cigarette coupons, and a small piece of peanut brittle named Mildred. And his mother's name was Quetch, if *that* makes it any funnier.

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"Are the three Rollo Boys here?" asked an unexpected voice one fine day on Wednesday the twenty-fourth of May, which oddly enough is the very date this story opens and no one more surprised than I, either; and a stranger entered Merriwell Hall with nothing in his hand but a Yale pennant and kindly blue eyes.

"Yes," replied the three Rollo Boys confidently; and they were right, because there they were, sure enough. "But what can you want," asked Dick, "of they who were these unfortunate young men?"

"Your uncle has died," replied Mr. Stewart, "and you must come at once and help us to escape from our insane asylum."

"Who are you?" asked Harry.

"I am your uncle," replied Mr. Stewart.

"But we haven't got an uncle," said Tom.

"Yes, you have," insisted Mr. Stewart persistently.

"How is he?" asked Dick numbly.

"He is dead," replied the stranger, "and you're the sole heir to his insane asylum. You must come at once and help us to escape," he

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repeated; and with that he hit his horse a terrific slash and they drove down the road, which changed presently into a railroad train and then into an ocean liner for no particular reason, except possibly that it was a very easy way of writing.

"We don't seem to be moving," said Tom five minutes later, glancing out the window, as Mr. Stewart set down the breakfast menu beside them and whispered: "Your scalp is very dry, sir. Not a cocoanut oil shampoo, perhaps?"

"No," agreed Dick, "and please have it sent."

"Shall I have it sent to 129 Oglethorpe Road, Staten Island?" suggested Mr. Stewart insinuatingly.

"Well, I don't know," hesitated Dick. "I've never been to Staten Island."

"Perhaps you would like to see some of our attractive Staten Island lots," suggested Mr. Stewart, leaning smilingly over the desk of the Golden Mean Real Estate Office.

"No," interrupted Dick peevishly, "and I wish you would stay one thing or the other.

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You keep shifting around as if you were Lewis Carroll, and it's very annoying," he complained, as the scene suddenly changed to a court-room and then to a Turkish Bath. "Besides, I think we ought to be getting on to the asylum pretty soon, if you are ever going to finish this book to-night."

"This is the asylum right here," replied Mr. Stewart, taking out a big key and unlocking the door and shutting it again very quickly so as not to let in a lot of people who write for *Judge* and *The Saturday Evening Post*. "We have to be very careful," explained Mr. Stewart, putting back the key in his pocket again. "It's worse than the Lambs Club."

"If I am not too inquisitive," said Dick, "may I ask a question, Mr.—"

"My name is Swift," replied Mr. Stewart. "Jonathan Swift; and you may ask me anything."

"Well, then," said Dick, "I don't see why you can't escape from here if you have the key right in your pocket."



"THIS IS THE ASYLUM RIGHT HERE," REPLIED MR. STEWART.

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"That's just it," said Mr. Stewart, bursting into tears, "my public won't let me. It's the Tragedy of my life," he sobbed.

"Oh, come now, come on, old man," said Dick hurriedly. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. Look, why, everybody is watching you, Mr. Swift. Be a big boy, now, and let Dick wipe your eyes, and all the people will say what a little soldier you are."

"Well, I'm not the only one at that," smiled Mr. Stewart through his tears, as he noticed a stout gentleman with a black cigar between his lips, who was telling his favorite story to a syndicate while it snored soundly. "There's Mr. Cobb, and then there's Mr. Percy Crosby and Mr. Herold and Mr. Ade and Mr. Kaufman and Connelly and Mr. Milt Gross [just arrived] and all the other fellows. We want to do Bigger and Better Things."

"Why don't you?" inquired Tom. "Better, anyway," he added with a twinkle.

"We are humorists, you see," sighed Mr. Stewart, "and the public has put us here in this asylum, the lousy bums, and now we've

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got to amuse them. It's our Ordeal, I guess," he sighed. "The old, old story. . . ."

"Isn't it?" agreed Harry sympathetically.

"I want to write a novel very badly," sighed Mr. Stewart.

"That ought not to be hard," fired back fun-loving Tom Rollo merrily. Tom liked to pull the wings off horseflies, particularly eagles; and as a result of his reputation for pranks people were always seeking him out, sometimes with bloodhounds.

"Mr. Stewart," interrupted Dick suddenly, "this state of affairs cannot go on. We must organize. For this purpose I should suggest an Organization Department, consisting of Mr. Stewart." Mr. Stewart bowed. "And now if Mr. Stewart will appoint a Secretary we can have the minutes of the previous meeting."

"I think Mr. Broun would be a good Secretary," said Mr. Stewart, looking expectantly toward him for approval, possibly in his column.

"Bulletin," remarked Mr. Adams. "Scribe

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cops coveted Post as Mates Vie in Prose Tilt."

"It seems to me, though," drawled Mr. Broun, shifting uncomfortably in his chair, "that I would make a better Corresponding Secretary," he explained, running his fingers through his hair, "then I could print the letters," he added, untying his necktie.

"—more of a dotted Swiss, or even a point d'esprit, like, I thought," began a lady seated in the front row, "but no, her Royal Highness must have piano-lessons—four-ninety-eight an hour, if you please. Well, everybody always told me I ought to do something with my Art, but what with one thing or another—"

"Order, please," interrupted Dick Rollo, beating very loudly on the round table with his gavel, as a short nervous gentleman walked rapidly toward the recent speaker. "I wonder if I could include you in my Anthology, Mrs. Parker?" he asked. "What have you written funny?"

"The meeting will come to order, Mr. Masson, please," repeated Dick Rollo reverently; and when Mr. Masson was through the meet-

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ing *did* come to order, just as Dick had predicted. "We shall dispense with the minutes of the previous meeting, and in its place we shall have the Treasurer's Report."

"Mr. Benchley is our Treasurer," whispered Mr. Stewart sadly, pointing to a man lying on his stomach before a glass aquarium and studying it intently. "But he is very busy with some scientific work just now."

"What is he doing?" inquired Harry, bending over him.

"I am studying the newt," replied Mr. Benchley himself. "I have practically lived among newts for several years, ever since I became a dramatic critic," he added, rising on his elbows to face his interviewer, "and I find that the newt differs very radically from the bicycle, particularly in the matter of sex. In the spring of 1903, in an effort to investigate the love life of these lowliest of God's little creatures, I placed a male newt and a female bicycle in the same room together, and locked the door. At the end of three weeks I unlocked the door again," concluded Mr.

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Benchley sadly, "and threw away the newt. I rode off on the bicycle myself."

"You have all heard the report of the Treasurer," said Dick. "Are there any suggestions to offer?"

"I suggest the report be incorporated in my coming Anthology," said Mr. Masson; and the suggestion was adopted, by Mr. Masson.

"That brings us to Unfinished Business," said Dick Rollo, when quiet was restored; "and first under the head of Unfinished Business I should like to hear from the head of the Entertainment Committee, Mr. Rogers."

"Wal," said the cowboy, hobbling across the room in his leather chaps and dragging his lariat, "reckon all I know [laughter] is what I see by the papers [laughter and applause]. There'll be another piece in here two weeks from now," he added over his shoulder, as Mr. Masson followed him out. "Watch for it."

"Before this meeting adjourns," said Dick Rollo, rapping for order, "I should like, with your permission, to bring up a matter which

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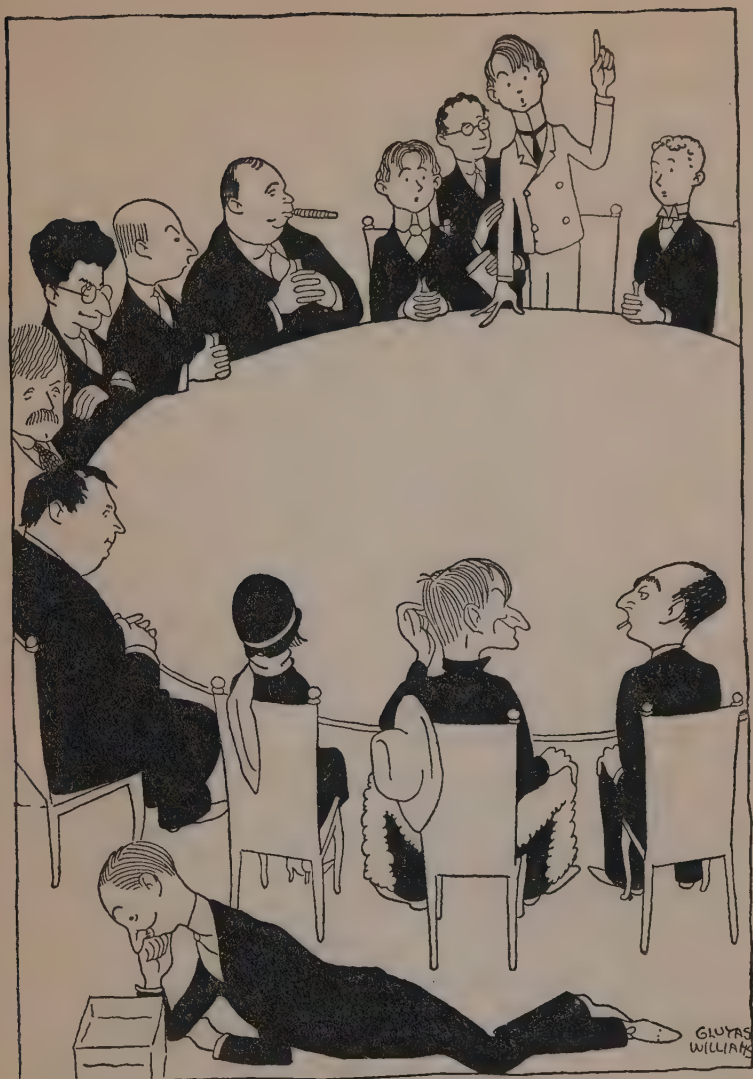
is of interest to all of us, and which is, in my opinion, sufficiently important to warrant our taking at least a few minutes for informal discussion before this meeting adjourns. I refer," said Dick, "to the question of how we are going to escape from this asylum."

"To Hon. Mr. President Rollo," said Mr. Irwin, rising politely, "I renig very sly play from Japanese school-boy, wherein would suggest that Hon. Irv Cobb shall simply narrate a brite & snapper niggero antidote, with Jewish names by Montague Glass, so to deliver American public into deep slumber when we can escape, or perhapsly they will laugh their selfs to death. Hoping you are the same."

"Are there any criticisms?" asked Dick Rollo, as Mr. Rea Irvin drew a chair, from force of habit, and Mr. Irwin sat down.

"Ham!" ejaculated Mr. Sherwood suddenly; and that was the first and last remark Mr. Sherwood was heard to make that afternoon.

"The Rev. Dr. Irwin does not hesitate to call a spade a bed-spring," interposed Mr.



"STOP!" CRIED TOM ROLLO SUDDENLY. "I HAVE AN IDEA!"

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Nathan, reaching for his hat, "but unless Memory has pinned a 'Please Kick Me' sign to my *sitzfleisch*, I doubt whether I have ever heard such a yoshiwara combination of belly-wash, *hokus pokus* and flapdoodle—"

"Stop!" cried Tom Rollo suddenly, "I have an idea!" And a moment later all the humorists were rolling around the floor in peals of laughter, although they were humorists.

CHAPTER SIXTY-EIGHT:

"Quick, Tom!"

"Where, Dick!"

"Here, Harry!"

While the puzzled humorists watched in amazement, the three Rollo Boys silently unpacked a number of wooden crates, taking out armloads of books with which they filled every room in the asylum. Then, with a merry wink, Tom Rollo seized the asylum bell and tolled it wildly, while the public poured into the building from all sides with eager shouts.

"Follow me!" whispered the fun-loving

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Rollo, leading the humorists on tiptoe past the engrossed public, who sat with their noses buried in the strange volumes and took no notice whatsoever of their escape. And then as Tom Rollo slyly turned Mr. Stewart's key in the lock of the asylum, the tumbling, laughing crazy fools rushed out into the open air in search of Bigger and Better Things, while Mr. Nathan and Mr. Woolcott played at clap-handies in the sand, and Mr. Butler went back to raising guinea-pigs again, and Mr. Hellman stopped writing, and Mr. Broun donned his baseball uniform and set out to find his audience once more.

"We have captured the Public at last," laughed Tom merrily, as he dropped the key of the asylum down a well.

"But what were the books?" inquired Mr. Stewart eagerly.

"The Rollo Boys Series for Young Americans," replied the three Rollo Boys as one.

"Three rousing cheers for the Rollo Boys!" cried the relieved humorists, tossing their responsibilities in the air and shouting lustily.

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The cheers were given with a will; but the contents of that will, and how it affected the fortunes not only of our young heroes, but also of the author and his publishers, will all be related in the next volume of this series, to be entitled: "The Rollo Boys Amid Their Suppressed Desires; or, Beer and Light Winesburg." And here let us say Good-by.

Good-by.

Volume Twenty-one:



“AND HERE LET US SAY GOOD-BY”;
OR, BEER AND LIGHT WINESBURG

(Owing to the increasing popularity of the biographical method among the Fall and Winter Lists, we have secured MR. THOMAS BEER to conclude this series with the true biography of the Rollo Boys, presenting for the first time the Suppressed Desires of our Boyhood Heroes in the manner of MR. SHERWOOD ANDERSON.

Incidentally our Lost and Found Department desires to report that the following articles were dropped by MR. BEER in his preparation of the ensuing chapter: the, an, a, the, the, an, the, these, the [twice], a, an, the, the, this, the. If not called for within thirty days, these missing articles will be turned over to

“And Here Let Us Say Good-by”

Miss Gertrude Stein, probably in book form.

—C. F.)

Sunlight smashed onto drab stubble, onto twenty-two men in sweaty moleskins who faced each other across brown pigskin, where goal-posts were soppy with moss at either end of a field of sickening mud. Someone blew a whistle, like a poor damned fool: “Phnee-ee-eee!”; and at once brown pigskin nestled on one’s chest, like a soup stain, and one must run past endless white lines, thirty, twenty, ten yards, while clutching tangled hands were hair in a drain-pipe, and the opposing team lay dead ahead. Dead to the world.

“Hold ’em, Merriwell!” Green and crimson voices battered subconsciously against outraged ear-drums. Victory: well? What is victory? “W-I-N-E-S-B-U-R—”

One fell, and two fell, and they all fell; and twenty-two men were old potato peelings and yellow grape fruit rinds and coffee grounds in a battered can along the curb, sim-

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ply boiling with flies. What was the use? one asked at the bottom of the soggy heap of men, as someone dug a cleated heel how rude into his stomach. It made things seem more positive, somehow, having someone dig a cleated heel into one's stomach. Futility is positive, gouging someone's eye in return with grimy finger nails. One would murmur: "What of it?" but someone's knee in one's mouth, like a raw potato.

"Where are the Rollo Boys?" Not that they cared particularly, the stands added hopelessly. . . .

Bernard J. Schnitzel broke his tooth on an olive-pit and two weeks later his wife had a nine-pound baby; and on September 28, 1876, three Rollo Boys were Tom, Dick and Harry alighting on the mean platform where men spat yellow tobacco-juice down their stringy beards, and the driver of the Merriwell Hall carryall said, bow-legged with rheumatism: "Walk this way!"

Brown eyes sparkled and hair curled as Tom Rollo had been fun-loving, replying like

"And Here Let Us Say Good-by"

a steel-trap: "I couldn't if I tried!" while everyone must smile wanly at his clever comeback, although they said nothing except possibly: "Suffering God!" But that was New York for you, in those days.

Dick Rollo was saying: "We are the three Rollo Boys, and we came to Merriwell Hall in 1876. You see, now, we are still young, red-blooded, 100 per cent., American, eh? We are supposed to represent healthy young America, eh? For years and years it has been so; 598 volumes." He buried his head bitterly in his hands, and bit his knuckles. "I am a man, and I want to grow up. Something inside me wants to grow up." He had grown too nervous to sit still, and now he was going about the room, absently setting fire to the rug in places. "But they will not let me grow up—all my Young Readers. We must be Rollo Boys, they say; we must play football—" he broke his leg, just to hear it snap—"we must rescue the heroine and reform the bully; it is always so; and always I want to go off somewhere on a drunk. 'Ah, God,' he

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sighed, "ah, God." There was a pistol on a table across the room, but he was too tired to go after it.

"Where are the Rollo Boys?" distantly . . . Dick yawned in despair, drawing on sweaty moleskins and trotting onto the field, Tom and Harry following, as the bored students tossed their hats in the air and did not even bother to catch them again.

One mole on the side of his nose sprouted three long hairs, like the legs of a bluebottle fly; and Dr. Merriwell was yawning: "You are in nick of time. The Winesburg (Ohio) School of Realism has rolled up a score of 102 to 2 against us, and the three Rollo Boys alone can save the day!" but he was asleep. He had been asleep the last twenty minutes.

"Go in there and win, Dick," sighed Elsie Dinsmore, "for all I care!" and her eyes met his, as she sent him a dirty look; for they had been in love for 596 volumes. Her tired face was drawn, probably by Gluyas Williams; and she wore a fragrant bunch of neuroses at her belt. Now she blushed like a side of beef

"And Here Let Us Say Good-by"

as Dick squeezed her hand ardently; ah, if it was only her neck. . . .



"I LOVE THE ROLLO BOYS . . . I WANT
TO DO GOOD IN THE WORLD."

"I wonder why Merriwell Hall is losing?" mused Dick; and the Rollo Boys all put their heads together except Harry, who had never been able to put his head together because he had no bent at all for mechanics that way.

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Harry Rollo whispered: "Ben Barsted has bet all his money on the opposing team. What is afoot?"

"Twelve inches," replied fun-loving Tom dismally. . . .

On December 3, 1876, the cold-water tap in the kitchen sink leaked all night long; and Ben Barsted was too, too tired, sighing: "My existence has been a crimson cold sore on the lips of Truth. I love the Rollo Boys. I love everyone. I want to do Good in the world, and Help people. But always," he sobbed, "I must be a cad and a bully; always I must bet my money on the opposing team; always I must turn over a new leaf in the end. They never know, all the Young Readers," he laughed bitterly, "they never know!" . . .

A forefinger pointed abruptly; and Tom cried "Look!" as the Rollo Boys stared where he pointed. To their amazement they noted the Merriwell Hall team grasping their trousers in either hand, while the Winesburg quarterback sped down the field unhindered.

"Ben Barsted has pulled all the cords out



"I COME TO PLEAD WITH YOU IN THE NAME OF . . . THE RED
BLOODED 100% AMERICAN HE-BOYS."

"And Here Let Us Say Good-by"

of their football pants!" Tom ejaculated in purple. "They're afraid to let go!"

"No wonder they have been falling behind!" cried Harry, rushing on the field with safety pins, as the Merriwell Hall team pulled themselves together with a sigh of relief. "Brace up!" he added.

"Fellow players!" and twenty-two men halted in amazement as Dick addressed them from the center of the field in a deep, impassioned voice, "I come to plead with you in the name of the Marching Spirit of the Red-Blooded, 100 per cent. American He-Boys, to whom we have most solemnly dedicated our Moral Purpose." And at once the Merriwell Hall team snatched off their helmets and stood with bared heads, while an old Civil War veteran presented arms and collapsed with emotion, crying: "My country right or wrong!"

"We have no use for the introspective school of thought, the morbid policy of Dismalism, the study of suppressed desires that is called 'Art,'" continued Dick, as the three Rollo Boys advanced slowly down the field behind a huge

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flag, dressed as the Spirit of '76, with blood-stained bandages about their heads. "Nay, the citizens of this country want healthy, vigorous, two-listed CLEAN stories, strong in those patriotic principles of chivalry, courage and honor that have placed our country where it is today!"

"Hurrah for the Rollo Boys!" cried the converted Winesburg (Ohio) players, tossing their suppressed desires in the air and cheering lustily. At once they joined eagerly with the Merriwell Hallers, and as the resulting team of twenty-two men ran back and forth unhindered between the two goal-posts, scoring touchdown after touchdown on their former selves, the score rolled into two and three and four figures—in favor of Merriwell Hall!

Then red fire blazed, while all over the country hysterical men and women oversubscribed the Thirty-eighth Liberty Loan by \$7,000,000, and babies were born, and chapel bells chimed, because it was Sunday, and in Winsted, Conn., a lion lay down with a lamb

“And Here Let Us Say Good-by”

and then gave birth to a pure white dove with a sprig of laurel in its bill lettered “Peace,” as the hysterical students of Merriwell Hall sobbed with emotion: “Three rousing cheers!”

Flags waved madly, as cheers were given with a will, where bugle and fife were red, white and blue against the sun’s unconquered youth in the clean sky, against the stars that spelled out the slogan for the last time: “And here let us say Good-by.”

Good-by.

THE END

\$125

